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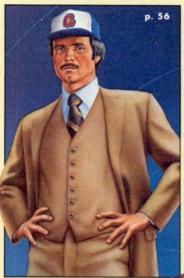
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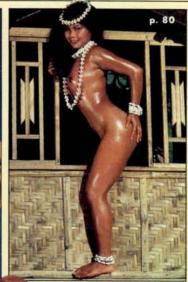
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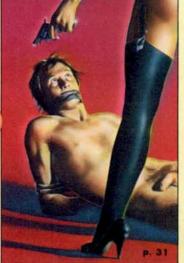
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PUBLISHER'S STATEMENT



Farewell

his is the most difficult Publisher's Statement I've written since the beginning of the magazine, back in 1974. In many ways HUSTLER has been like a child for me. I've watched it grow from an idea to one of the top publications in the country. I've seen it through the bad times and the good times.

But now my company has become so large that it is impossible for me to continue heading the magazine. We have diversified in so many other areas—including printing, manufacturing, distributing and so forth—that I feel it is time to step aside as Publisher of HUSTLER.

Also, as most HUSTLER readers know, I was shot in Georgia during an obscenity trial in March 1978. Since then my health has not been as good as it was. The wounds have left me partially paralyzed and in a wheelchair. This is another reason for my stepping aside at HUSTLER.

I firmly believe the future of HUSTLER is brighter than ever. My wife, Althea, is taking over as Publisher, and I don't think there is anybody more qualified than she to take my place. She has been by my side all along, and knows what the HUSTLER reader wants as much as I do. There's not a doubt in my mind that she will succeed in delivering the goods.

During the past 7½ years HUSTLER has had a lasting effect on the country. More important than anything else, we have taught people not

to be ashamed of their sexuality and what their genitals look like. In addition, we have not been afraid to run hard-hitting investigative reports that have prompted other major national media to cover the same stories.

I'm really not sure what the future holds for our country and the world, but I can assure you that under the leadership of Althea, HUSTLER will be in the forefront in reporting on all the significant issues and trends. My loyalty to HUSTLER will continue. I'll be Althea's biggest fan.

And don't ever forget that HUSTLER is your magazine, dedicated to providing what you want. Keep those letters coming; we read every Feedback letter we receive.

In conclusion, let me say that despite the hardships and the constant struggle to protect your right to read HUSTLER Magazine, I wouldn't trade one day of the last 7½ years for anything. I look at my departure not as an ending but a new beginning—for myself, for the staff and for the loyal readers who have made HUSTLER the most important publication of its time.

Lany Flynt



No one wakes up thinking, "Today I'm going to abuse my child."

Abuse is not something we think about, it's something we do. It runs against our nature, yet it comes naturally. It's a major epidemic and a contagious one. Abused children often become abusive parents. Abuse perpetuates abuse.

Child abuse is a major cause of death for children under two. Last year in America, an estimated one million children suffered physical, sexual or emotional abuse and neglect (many cases go unreported). At least 2,000 died needless, painful deaths. And if you think child abuse is confined to any particular race, religion, income group or social stratum, you're wrong. It's

everybody's problem.

What's being done about prevention? Not enough. Preventive facilities are simply inadequate. Most social agencies deal with abusers and their victims after the damage has been done.

Child abuse doesn't have to happen. Eighty percent of all abusers could be helped, with your help. Your community needs your aid in forming crisis centers, self-help programs for abusers, and other grass roots organizations. Please. Please write for more information on child abuse and how you can help.

What will you do today that's more important?

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I pring is quickly approaching, and that brings to mind the words of the famous old poet Tennyson, who wrote, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of"... baseball, picnics, beer, girls and HUSTLER Magazine-or something like that. Like the re-emerging season, this issue is a wonderland of stimulating new thoughts and warming sensations.

When it comes to new thoughts, few people in America are more challenging and more innovative than Atlanta, Georgia's TED TURNER, an outspoken, hard-drinking sportsand-communications mogul some call the MOUTH OF THE SOUTH. Whether spurring his professional athletic teams to improvement or criticizing the mentality of network televi-

sion, Turner is a proven, shake-'em-up type of leader. Our profile of the maverick millionaire who single-handedly revolutionized cable TV was penned by MARK ZUSSMAN. The New York-based Zussman is a former editor with Oui as well as HUSTLER and our sister publication CHIC. He is currently writing a play about Casanova, the legendary 18thcentury Italian womanizer. For the companion illustration we leff Wack

turned to GREG MARTIN, whose art appeared with last October's fiction, The Best Little Disco in West Texas. Martin, who lives in Pasadena, California, has worked on several TV commercials and designed background animation for cartoon shows like Smurfs and Scooby-Doo.

One problem that might benefit from a fresh thought or two is the fact that 500 million people on this planet go to bed hungry every night—and last year 20 million of them died. BEN PESTA looks at the reasons for this gut-wrenching tragedy and offers some bold solutions in his important report, WORLD HUNGER: WHAT EVERY AMERICAN SHOULD KNOW. A former Editorial Di-

rector of CHIC and a frequent





journalism at the University of Southern California The things that cause this planet's widespread hunger—callousness and greed, for example probably won't disappear when we colonize outer space. In fact, they are likely to follow us along and take new forms. That's the chilling.

unspoken message of BODY BANK, April's fu-

contributor to HUSTLER, Pesta has also been

published in such magazines as Cosmobolitan

and TV Guide. He's now a senior lecturer in

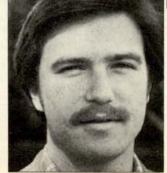
turistic fiction. This tale of love, jealousy and deadly betrayal set on one of Jupiter's mining-rich moons was written by the talented CHARLES B. DAVID, a former editor of Larry Flynt Publications and now a freelance writer. The accompanying artwork was provided by PAT DUNN, a HUSTLER regular who illustrated our March Sex Play on the potentially hazardous effects of nitrite inhalants.

This month's Sex Play deals with a very different sort of hazard-women who vent their anger toward men by assaulting them sexually. . . . RAPE! Once the subject of lockerroom jokes, such attacks are now occurring with alarming frequency. You'll learn whyand how-in RAPE OF MEN BY WOMEN, by veteran journalist BILL LAWREN. A resident

of Sunderland, Massachusetts, Lawren has reported for CHIC, Mother Jones, New West (now California), Penthouse and other major publications. HUSTLER newcomer JEFF WACK is responsible for the stunning illustration. Wack, a former teacher at the Pasadena Art Center, has contributed to Playboy and Oui, and has received awards from several magazines and groups, including the New

Ben Pesta York Society of Illustrators. On the zany side of life, April's issue includes a hilarious look at what might result if the world's craziest criminal-types advertised for their perfect sex partner. After catching our SWINGERS ADS FROM THE CRIMINALLY DANGEROUS, you'll agree none of these fruitcakes would make an ideal blind date.

Like the new season, this month's HUSTLER is sure to thaw you out and get everybody stimulated. And we're not April foolin'.



Greg Martin

John Holmes Offers...

HOPE FOR SMALL MEN

The Incredible John Holmes Super Pump Has Helped Thousands Of Men To Overcome The Problems And Insecurities Of A Penis That Is Too Small!

Our Annie knows men! She understands the complex problems "small" men can have, especially when they're about to perform with a woman.

Annie recommends the fabulous John Holmes Super Pump. Why? Let Annie tell you, in her own way, in this frankly fictitious interview with porn's incredible Mr. Stud. This dramatization shows an answer you may have been searching for.

Annie: Mr. Stud, I've seen quite a few of your better films and I've got to admit you've turned me on many times. You always look so confident, so sure of yourself with women. Did you always have that masterful touch?

Mr. Stud: Actually, no, Annie. I know a lot of people are going to be surprised by this, but before I got into films, I was terribly insecure about myself. I was awkward and worried about all sorts of things. Mostly, I just scared myself into feelings of rejection.

Annie: What did you do? How did you overcome it?

Mr. Stud: I was very lucky. I met a warm loving woman who wasn't afraid to go to bed with me—in spite of my size. I know it sounds ridiculous, but being too big has its own handicaps. I used to think I'd hurt a woman, and it made me gun-shy, so to speak. But I can really understand a guy who feels he's too small to please a woman.

Annie: I think I know what you mean. I really do. I know I prefer a man who's got a good technique in bed. That counts for a lot. But if I had to choose between two men who were both terrific lovers, I have to admit I'd go for the one with a bigger penis first. It's just a natural female preference.

Mr. Stud: I've heard it both ways, Annie. That size doesn't mean as much as technique, and that size is the only thing that matters. Does bigger really mean better?

Annie: Speaking for myself, definitely yes! I enjoy looking at a big penis, fondling it and holding it. And when I'm making love, the feeling of really being filled completely is what gets me off every time!

Mr. Stud: That's great, Annie, if you're with a guy who's well hung like—well, like me. Or even with a lover who's amply endowed. But what about the guy who's undersized and who may feel somewhat inadequate? He needs some loving, too.

BREAKTHROUGH

Annie: Fortunately there is something for the man with a small penis. It was developed in England by a doctor, just to solve this problem. Medical science is skeptical, but already there is a study published by a prominent doctor that shows that the penis can be made larger. Actually longer and thicker!

Mr. Stud: If what you say is true, Annie, then there is real hope for the man who feels he is too small. What is this device or method?

THE JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP

Annie: Quite simply, John, it's a personal suction device. Just follow the instructions and its safe and simple to use. The penis fits inside, and you can see what's happening through the transparent sheath. I've seen it in use, and the results seemed amazing!

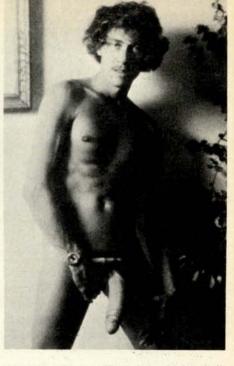
Mr. Stud: There really is hope for "small" men!

Annie: You bet there is. So much so that we're offering it to men with an unconditional money-back guarantee. Even though some men may take longer to achieve results than others, and even though some users might not follow directions carefully enough, we guarantee that if a man doesn't get the results he expects, or doesn't get the improvement he needs in 30 days, he can return the SUPER PUMP for a prompt and full refund, no questions asked.

Mr. Stud: Sounds like a "Can't lose" offer to me, Annie . What does it cost, and how can a man get it?

Annle: Simple! He can write to the address below and send a check or money order for \$39.95 plus postage and handling. We mail the SUPER PUMP in a plain wrapper. He can even charge it on Mastercharge or Visa, and we will ship the SUPER PUMP with complete instructions immediately.

Mr. Stud: With an offer like this, backed by a money-back guarantee, every small man owes it to himself to try the JOHN HOLMES SUPER PUMP. And once they start to get results, their self confidence and ability to satisfy women will naturally start to go up. And with changes like that, he's got to score.



Beaver Fever: I have just been browsing through your marvelous piece of journalism—BEAVER HUNT #3 (top). What incredible material! Some of these girls are truly amazing. I wish I knew where they've been hiding.

-John James Whitewater, Wisconsin

Regarding Paula of Akron, Ohio, in January's Beaver Hunt: If you guys don't put that mouth-wateringly beautiful young lady in your centerfold, your heads must be filled with whale shit!

-Neal Godwin Albuquerque, New Mexico

We're trying to get hold of her for a closer look.

Body Heat: Whoever said that HUSTLER's Honeys aren't as good as Playboy's or Penthouse's centerfolds doesn't know his ass from his cock. Your January photo-feature Angel: Heavenly Body (center photo) is by far the most fantastic, favorable, flavorable fantasy I've ever come face to face with.

Keep up the number-one work.

-Tony C. Detroit, Michigan

I look forward to the pictures you run of models with a finger or two in their cunts. I wish you would print more of them. That's why I was disappointed when I found that the sample photo of Angel: Heavenly Body in January's Index page wasn't included in the pictorial itself. I would have loved a full-page print of that one.

—B. Linton

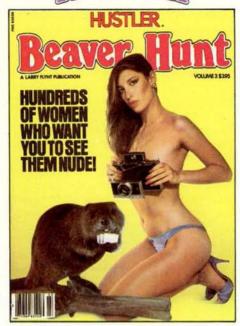
San Diego, California

Keep looking closely. We guarantee we're going to get very hot! We love 'em hot and horny too.

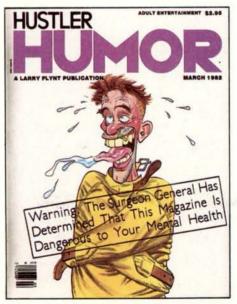
After your January issue had been on the stands for a couple of days, we counted no less than 27 life-size centerfolds of Angel: Heavenly Body posted in different spaces aboard our ship, the aircraft carrier Forrestal. The lady is a knockout and has lifted the morale of many a lonely sailor.

Angel also got us to talking about something else we'd enjoy seeing in your magazine: a full-page color picture of a cunt. That's right, a larger-than-life, moist, pink cunt, framed in hair. It would be a smash hit. You would sell over 3,000 of them on our ship alone. We only hope the Flynts have the balls to print what Hugh Hefner does not.

-Names Withheld by Request U.S.S. Forrestal Jacksonville, Florida







Your wish is our command! We work months in advance of the magazine's arrival on newsstands, but keep your eye on us.

Shannon: Kind of Blue in your January issue had one hell of a dry pussy. Can't your photo jerkoffs take a wet picture anymore? Or are they afraid some of those hot cunts will spew on their lenses? Maybe their noodles are too limp to try! How about getting the wet back in your photo-spreads? Let's see man's favorite color (pink) the way it should be seen (wet).

In fact, I have a suggestion for an erotic photo-layout. I sure would like to see a blown-up centerfold of just a downright wet-and-cummy pussy by itself. Show the rest of those horny lookers what a creamy dream is all about! HUSTLER's been around quite a while, and it's still the best magazine out. But it's about time you gave us pussy-eating fans something to see.

-Bill Feilmeier Henderson, North Carolina

Check out the letter and answer right before this one. You will be seeing the girls a lot juicier in the future.

Overseas News: We in Korea love your magazine HUSTLER HUMOR (bottom). I have a South Korean friend who almost bust a gut when he read it for the first time. You guys have a terrific sense of humor.

—Steve Pammer Camp Howze, South Korea

Photo Advice: Could you please publish some more male-female spreads like Office Party in your January issue? Pictorials featuring ballet dancers and Martians are difficult to relate to. Do more real down-home photo-layouts.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

Your wish is our command.

As great as your photo-spreads are, the best clit-shots ever shown were way back in May 1979 in your Hayloft Harvest pictorial. There we saw clits all puffed out, but none have since equaled those. How come? Was this hayloft-harvest girl excited from being fondled by a guy? If so, you have a moral obligation to give your models a guy to excite them. We want to see nice puffed-out clits. Nothing is duller than a flabby, droopy clitoris. —George Seacommer Los Angeles, California

Like all you guys out there, our girls try hard...some are just bigger than others.

We will continue looking for chewy clits,

I enjoy reading HUSTLER Magazine each month, but I have a complaint about your male-female photo-layouts. In every one I've seen, you show an attractive woman and a man with a limp dick. This is unrealistic. I think that any normal male, posing with a lovely female, should have a pulsating hard-on.

I know I would. - Jeff Mogul Havertown, Pennsylvania

We agree. However, we have certain guidelines and laws we must obey, or we wouldn't even make it to the store. We'll try to push the limits a little farther though.

P.S. Sometimes the guys do have a hardon, but guess why you can't see it.

Here's a suggestion for an erotic photo-layout. Since I have a terrible foot fetish, I wish you'd show more tender smooth feet than you do. I love to see women's feet being licked, kissed, sucked and caressed. Maybe you could feature two tan, beautiful ladies going at each other's feet like there was no tomorrow. -Name and Address Withheld by Request

While glancing through the latest issues of HUSTLER I've noticed that the photo-layouts look cosmetic and staged. I know your original intention was to use props to enhance the models' beauty, but now the sets seem to distract from it. Let's get out of the studio and see nature's lovelies in natural settings.

> -David B. Oreana, Illinois

We agree. Lately we've been trying to do equal numbers of shootings inside and out. Keep watching us!

Flynt's Views: In response to your Publisher's Statement "Hypocrisy in Foreign Policy" (January), I think you should look more closely at the reasons our government sends millions of dollars to countries you regard as undemocratic. I agree with your descriptions of El Salvador, Egypt and so forth, but we have to maintain diplomatic ties with these nations.

In fact, we have to do whatever business is necessary with whomever it is as long as we benefit from it as a whole. We don't care what is done within their own borders. Even if we don't agree with the actions of these countries' governments, we may need them in the future to help protect ourselves.

We must not be satisfied with being the leader of the "free world." Militarily and diplomatically, we must be the

leader of the whole world, or eventually there may not be a "free world."

> -Name Withheld by Request Detroit, Michigan

Larry Flynt really hit the nail on the head with "Hypocrisy in Foreign Policy." I cannot understand why the United States plays kiss-ass to countries that are under dictatorships. We even offer aid and sell military equipment to nations that are Communist-prone. Can you believe it? I'm mad, and I hope that Publisher's Statement made a hell of a lot more people mad. Then maybe we as Americans will stop putting up with all this crap we're getting from our socalled political leaders.

Thanks for giving it to us straight, and for supporting freedom of speech. Without it, we are no better than the countries we oppose. When I lay down my hard-earned cash for HUSTLER, I am confident I've purchased the best there is. It's the greatest feeling knowing I won't get the shaft.

> -Dennis Francis Fort Worth, Texas

Larry Flynt's December 1981 Publisher's Statement, "It's in the Book." quoted the Bible in the same manner as the asshole he was putting down, Jerry Falwell, did. I tend to agree with Flynt, but it's easy to make the Bible appear to contradict itself. The "born-agains" can keep their noses in that book, and I'll keep mine someplace nice and warm and pink and soon to be wet!

I would suggest that Larry Flynt run for pope, but they get shot at too. I guess you just can't win!

> -Stephen MacLean West Chester, Pennsylvania

Inner Beauty: One of the Feedback letters in your January issue really pissed me off. Joe Prince claims that the average woman is "fat, frumpy, big-assed and titless" and smells like a "fish market." Mr. Prince, maybe it's you who stinks. Maybe you could try brushing your teeth, shaving once in a while, washing the green scum from behind your balls and developing a more-positive personality. Then women might become more attracted to you.

You'll never be a lover until you learn there's more to a woman or a man than the outside package. My husband is 41 and overweight, but inside he's generous, loving and good. I'm 27 and look something like Samantha: Devil Woman, your November 1981 centerfold. When you learn that all people have something beautiful to offer, then you'll be happy.

-Susie St. Louis, Missouri



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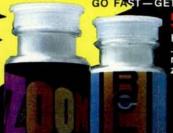
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What's Obscene? I'd like to respond to a Feedback letter published in the December 1981 issue from Louis D. Orengo, who complained that men with whom he shared barracks wouldn't let him post HUSTLER pictures and cartoons on his door.

The freedom to express oneself is a right that should be practiced with discretion and consideration for others. I consider myself reasonably open-minded. However, objecting to graphic sexuality does not necessarily make one a religious zealot or a narrow-minded bigot. Posting cartoons and nude pictures on a barracks door, with no regard for the thoughts of others, is both inconsiderate and ignorant, not to mention "obscene and unmilitary."

So, Louie, as long as you continue expressing yourself like an inconsiderate moron, you'll probably continue to have problems with your fellow barracks dwellers. If you don't want Bible toters to judge your morality, stop posting self-incriminating evidence.

CP3 Patrick James McKenna U. S. Navy FPO New York

Cock Dispute: In your January Sex Play, "Different Strokes for Different Folks?," which dealt with interracial sex, you started off well and then fucked

up! You stated that medical investigators have found no truth to the notion that blacks have larger erect penises than whites. Are these so-called medical investigators some short-dicked white males from Harvard or Yale?

I bet your staff is running around thinking they now have a fighting chance in bed against the well-hung black male. Let's leave the dick-judging to the female population. After all, who knows best? HUSTLER, cut the bullshit and give credit where credit is due.

-Ron Lester Cedars, Pennsylvania

Beer Cheer: I enjoyed your review HUSTLER Rates the Big American Beers in the August 1981 issue. But I was disappointed not to see my favorite beer—Busch, which I've been drinking for about 14 years—mentioned in your article. It's a good seller here in the South and Midwest. I hope that you'll do another review in the future.

-Donald Shurley Union City, Tennessee

Our beer rating focused on American beers that are available everywhere in the country.

Honey: I was just reading the January issue of HUSTLER when I came across a cartoon showing newlyweds 69ing on a

public street. It's obvious that the guy's dick is in the girl's mouth. Bravo! My question is, why can't Honey do the same? You show cocks and cunts dripping with cum—why not show good old-fashioned fucking and sucking?

Another thing—I've always appreciated that HUSTLER shows its share of models in stockings and garter belts. (I've had a stocking fetish ever since my first erection.) But I'd really like to see you take some shoes off some stockinged legs and put more stockings on Honey and her girls.

—J. E. Shriver

Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Look for Honey to get hotter and hornier in her upcoming adventures.

Drug Store: I'm writing this letter because I'm infuriated by an incident that took place here in Florida. The newspaper reported that local police had opened a "marijuana supermarket" in order to catch and arrest drug traffickers. Police rented a warehouse, filled it with a ton and a half of pot and let it be known they were open for business. Six persons were arrested, and nearly \$200,000 in cash was confiscated.

If we allow the police to stage this kind of act, pretty soon they'll be concocting any kind of scheme they want and busting people right and left. I don't know what the hell is going on when police can freely set up a "supermarket" to sell drugs.

-Name and Address Withheld by Request

Taiwan Taste: I've read your magazine for almost four years. I have collected 38 issues in that time, but it sure is hard to buy a HUSTLER here in Taiwan. In the black market, HUSTLERs get sold out the first day they appear, but you can wait a week and still find Playboy and Penthouse. And that's despite the fact that HUSTLER costs twice as much here as those other two magazines. It's easy to see the choice of men's-magazine readers in Taiwan.

-M. H. Lee Taiwan

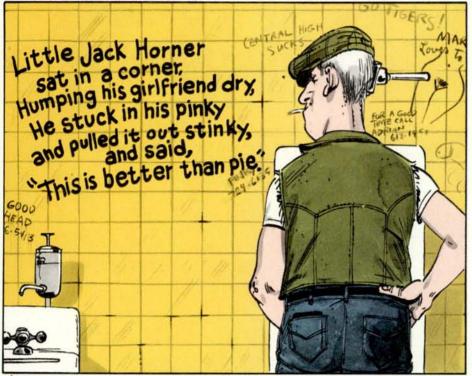
Male Sale: While I was going through my back issues of HUSTLER, I noticed a photo-layout in your March 1979 issue, Male for Sale. The white-haired woman buying the male prostitute was incredibly beautiful.

—Kurt

Nestor, California

Look for her to appear again in HUSTLER. She also is a centerfold in an upcoming issue of GENTLEMAN'S COMPANION, and will be writing a monthly column for that magazine.

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$25 TO R.F., GLASTONBURY, CT.

World News Roundup

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

The Greek government announced it plans to abolish prison sentences for adultery because the old law is embarrassing to Greece, as well as to the adulterers. This means unfaithful husbands and wives will no longer be surprised in the act, bundled up in a blanket and taken to a police station to face charges as they were in the past. It also means convicted adulterers will no longer be forbidden to marry.

The First Presbyterian Church of Concord, California, has negotiated to buy the city's only X-rated movie house. The church's board of elders approved and submitted to the congregation a proposal to purchase the Showcase Theater and turn it into a youth center. However, the theater's operator holds an iron-clad lease on the building that won't expire until November 1984. That means that for the next $2\frac{1}{2}$ years the church would be receiving rental income from X-rated movies.

For the first time in more than ten years there is a serious move to toughen up the health warnings on cigarette packages. New rules requiring more-specific warnings--such as "Smoking Causes Heart Disease" or "Smoking by Pregnant Women May Result in Birth Defects"--are being considered by Congress. Tobacco companies would be told to rotate five or six of the labels so consumers don't get used to the warnings and ignore them.

Sex in the office is good for business. That's the opinion of Dr. Ernst Bornemann, a German psychologist who claims employees work harder while carrying on an affair with a co-worker. Bornemann says employers should turn a blind eye when they discover staff members stealing a kiss, since such activity will usually make them tackle their jobs with more enthusiasm. While office love can sometimes cause problems, Bornemann admits, it can also "improve the working atmosphere."

Michigan's 1979 "Homemaker of the Year" has been accused of murdering her husband. Dorothy M. Andrews-a 40-year-old woman confined to a wheelchair-was arraigned in Corruna, Michigan, on the charge of shooting her husband with a .22-caliber rifle as he lay in bed. Her attorney, George Geddis III, said there is a possibility the husband may have mistreated Mrs. Andrews, who suffers from multiple sclerosis.

Most elderly people can go back to having sex as soon as 12 weeks after suffering a heart attack--and that may actually decrease the risk of another coronary. In a fact sheet titled "Sexuality in Later Life," issued by the National Institute on Aging, seniors are advised that the risk of death during sexual intercourse is very low. "Although a doctor's advice is needed," the report says, "sex usually can and should be resumed an average of 12 to 16 weeks after a heart attack, depending on physical conditioning." The publication adds that most older people "want--and are able to lead--an active, satisfying sex life."

A jury in Maryland convicted a 27-year-old man of rape after a dog picked him out of a police lineup. On the day of the attack the dog--a bloodhound named Shellcross Sniffer--smelled a hat worn by an intruder at the victim's home. The canine was then commanded to pick the "owner" of the hat from a group of five men in a lineup. (The victim had been unable to identify the suspect because he had a hat pulled down over his forehead and a bandanna covered his face.) As a result of the dog's action, the jury in Chestertown, Maryland, sentenced Gregory B. Roberts to 50 years in prison. Roberts' attorney said he would appeal on the grounds that his client's rights were violated by not being able to cross-examine the witness.

A woman passenger says she's suing United Airlines because two men flying cross-country got drunk on airline booze and cavorted nude in the aisle of a plane. In her suit for damages filed in San Diego (California) Superior Court, Alis McCurdy said the incident began shortly after United Flight 28 took off for New York City from Los Angeles. After ordering and drinking six small bottles of whiskey each, the unidentified young men undressed and "paraded continuously up and down the aisle of the aircraft," harassing passengers with verbal threats, raucous talk and singing. McCurdy claims to have suffered humiliation and emotional distress as a result of her ordeal. She said that when she complained to airline personnel about the incident, they merely told her, "Boys will be boys."

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Advise & Consent is a column that answers a wide even sure I know what multiple orgasms range of reader-submitted questions on sexual are. I'm beginning to feel left out. hang-ups, physical and mental hygiene, personal safety, legal rights, etc. It is solely an educational feature and is not intended to replace the advice of a physician or attorney. If you have a question, address it to: HUSTLER, Advise & Consent Editor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Edited by Rieva Lesonsky

Cervical Cap: More than a year ago I read about a new kind of birth-control device, the cervical cap. I thought it was supposed to be available by now, but I still can't get one from my health clinic. What happened? —B. L.

Baton Rouge, Louisiana

The cervical cap is a small, flexible device that resembles a thimble. It fits over the woman's cervix, preventing any sperm from entering the uterus, where one could possibly impregnate an egg. Unlike a diaphragm, the cervical cap can be worn for several days at a time. Like the diaphragm, it comes in several sizes, and the user needs to be fitted and instructed in its use.

This birth-control device has been used in Europe for years, but the federal Food and Drug Administration still has not approved the cap for use in this country except for research purposes. And in research tests the cap is not performing as well as originally hoped.

In one recent study of the cervical cap—at the Population Dynamics Clinic in Seattle, Washington-almost 50% of the subjects had unsuccessful trials with the device. During the first six months of the study 12% of the women claimed the cap was untrustworthy because it slipped off their cervix during sex. Pain or discomfort was the reason 11% of the subjects stopped using the device. An additional 9% of the women found the cap too difficult to insert and remove. Eight percent of the women studied became pregnant.

An even newer type of cap is being tested. This version is individually molded to the wearer's body. It has a one-way valve that allows menstrual blood and cervical secretions to pass through while still keeping sperm out. This feature may allow the device to be kept in place for several months. But it's still in the experimental stage, and so far the FDA has not announced when and if it will permit the cap (in any design) to be used as a birth-control device in this country.

Multiple Orgasms: My sex life is very satisfactory, but I can't help believing I'm missing something. I keep reading and hearing about women having multiple orgasms. In all my 27 years, I've never experienced this. In fact, I'm not

-A. M. Lawrence, Kansas

More than one climax within a short period of time (seconds or minutes) during a single sexual encounter is what's known as a multiple orgasm. Since women, unlike most men, don't experience a period of decreased desire following orgasm, continued stimulation can cause another climax. If you feel you're missing something by not having multiple orgasms, communicate this wish to your sex partner. Additional direct stimulation after your first orgasm will probably bring on another one.

However, concentrating on the number of orgasms you have can interfere with the pleasure you're now getting from sex. Remember, more is not necessarily better.

"Old Age" Pregnancy: I have been married just over a year. My wife is 38 years old (I'm 39). We want to have at least one child, and maybe more, but we're concerned about her becoming pregnant and giving birth at her ad--S. W. vanced age. Is it safe?

New Canaan, Connecticut

Medically, your wife is considered an elderly primigravida, a woman bearing her first

child after the age of 35. According to Dr. Susan Sirota, formerly chief resident of obstetrics and gynecology at The New York Hospital, "risks of childbearing don't appear suddenly on a given birthday, [but] 35 seems to be the age at which these risks become more significant." As the age of the potential mother advances, Dr. Sirota says, there is no doubt that "fertility decreases, maternal medical problems increase, labor can become more difficult, fetal abnormalities increase, and there are more spontaneous abortions and stillbirths.'

Although the prognosis sounds bleak, it really isn't. Medical advances in the past several years have minimized many of the risks of having an abnormal child. For example, at the age of 40 the odds of bearing a Down's Syndrome baby (a child having an extra chromosome, which causes mental retardation and numerous physical-health problems) is 1 in 109. This compares to a ratio of 1 in 2,000 for 20-year-old mothers. With the advent of the medical process amniocentesis, whereby fluid is withdrawn from the pregnant woman's uterus, fetal abnormalities can be detected early. Abortion, if desired, can be performed with little risk. The American College of Obstetricians and Gynecologists recommends that all pregnant women over 34 undergo amniocentesis.

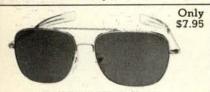
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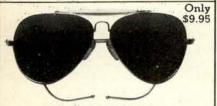
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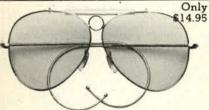


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Good Timing: How come a guy can't piss and come at the same time? Or can he?

Portland, Maine

He can't. When a man gets an erection and approaches the point of ejaculation, the neck of the bladder automatically closes. This keeps the urine in the bladder and out of the urethra (the canal through which semen travels during ejaculation). The process is one of Mother Nature's handy designs to ensure reproduction of the species. The sperm would be significantly weakened and probably unable to fertilize the egg if it were mixed with the acid in urine.

Pain in the Ass: I am a 34-year-old man with a fairly active sex life. Lately, after sex, I feel a lot of pain around my ass, and I start farting up a storm. This only happens after sex and lasts for about an hour or two. What's going on? -S. S.

Fort Wayne, Indiana

It sounds like your sphincter muscles are going into spasms. If, during sex, there are feces or gas in the rectum, a man will automatically contract his sphincter muscles to avoid shitting or farting. After sex, when he tries to relax those muscles, the sphincters can go into spasms from being contracted for so long. When there are lesions (small tears or bruises) on the muscles, a sharp grinding pain can result. These tears are in turn irritated by the mild anal spasms, which can cause more major spasms.

A hot bath after sex can help relieve your problem. Also, try going to the bathroom before having sex; then your muscles won't have to contract to hold anything in. If these suggestions don't work, see a doctor. If the source of your problem is lesions on the sphincter muscles, surgery is a possible solution.

Diet Pill: I'm about 40 pounds overweight. I've tried just about every diet that comes along, without much luck. I've noticed a lot of TV commercials advertising diet pills that are available without a doctor's prescription, such as Dietac. Are these pills safe? Jackson, Mississippi

Before you take any over-the-counter diet pills or start a diet of any kind, you should undergo a thorough physical examination. Dietac and many other over-the-counter medications contain a chemical (phenylpropanolamine) that can cause nervousness and an increase in blood pressure and heart rate. Headaches, dizziness and chest pains can also result. These pills should not be taken by anyone who suffers from high

If your health checks out okay and you decide to take the diet pills, be careful. Although they're sold over the counter, don't take them casually. For instance, combining them with something as innocent as aspirin or a cold medication could be dangerous.

In addition, using the pills won't help change the eating habits that probably caused your problem in the first place. A better way to ensure permanent weight loss is to follow a sensible, nutritionally balanced low-calorie diet. See a doctor or a nutritionist for help. In the long run, you'll probably be happier and healthier.

Vibrator Addiction: Sometimes when I'm having sex with my girlfriend, we use a vibrator, and she really gets off. What I'm worried about is that she may like it too much. Can a person become addicted to a vibrator? -B. H.

Manhasset, New York

On rare occasions some women become dependent on the device and find themselves at a sexual loss without it. These are usually women who have trouble reaching orgasm during sex with men. But most people use vibrators to supplement their sex life, not replace it. Since the vibrator doesn't seem to be an obsession with your girlfriend, worrying about a possible addiction seems unnecessary, and is likely to interfere with your pleasure.

Sex Drive and the Pill: My wife has been taking the birth-control pill for about seven months now. She doesn't seem to want sex as much as she used to. Is it my imagination, or can the Pill decrease someone's sex drive? - H. R. Canton, Ohio

It can. Although many women on the Pill report an increase in sexual desire (most likely because they no longer worry about getting pregnant), others claim the Pill decreases their sex drive, diminishes their vaginal lubrication and inhibits orgasm. Medical researchers don't know why this is so.

One theory says the Pill changes the female's estrogen-production cycle. In the middle of a woman's monthly cycle the body produces a surge of the female hormone estrogen, and this causes the egg to be released. Some women experience a peak of desire during this time, probably the result of a biological urge to reproduce. The Pill provides a constant low dose of estrogen (or similar chemical) and eliminates the sudden flow of the hormone. This process may keep the woman's sexual interest on an even keel.

Various brands of birth-control pills contain different hormone levels. If your wife agrees with you that her sexual desire is not what it used to be, she should consult her doctor. Perhaps switching to another brand is all she'll need to regain her sex drive.

Bite Pieces

t's bad enough when self-righteous moralists try to tell the rest of us what we can or cannot read. But when two people use the minds of our schoolchildren to further their repressive cause, something much more evil is taking place. That's why for the first time, HUSTLER is naming a double Asshole of the Month—Mel and Norma Gabler.

Out of their cluttered home in Longview, Texas, this husband-and-wife team runs Educational Research Analysts. That's really just a fancy-sounding title for a Mom-and-Pop censorship outfit.

The Gablers read just about everything that could possibly find its way into the schools, and weed out what doesn't conform to their view of history, literature, politics or religion. Of course, anything involving sex education is unacceptable.

So far their efforts have forced the recall or alteration of social-studies textbooks, health manuals and collections of classic English and American literature. Even stories by famed Edgar Allan Poe, which have been translated into more than 90 languages, were nixed by the Gablers for being too "bizarre."

An even more absurd example of the Gablers' fascist-like thinking was their rejecting as "unpatriotic" an Americanhistory textbook because it mentioned that George Washington had a bad temper. These misinformed people have a warped view of what America is all about if they think they have to promote ignorance in order to make our children patriotic.

Just how does an elderly couple in Texas have so much pull? In most states a special board approves all textbooks and outside reading materials available for public schools. About 20 years ago Mel and Norma started lobbying against books they found objectionable. One of the first they managed to get banned in Texas was The Tales of Robin Hood, because they said it glorifies



ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Mel & Norma Gabler

stealing. Since then, their hit list has included numerous textbooks that don't support their own views. An outrageous example was a history book they axed because it gave prominent mention to the tragedies of Watergate and Vietnam.

With the rise of anti-freespeech advocates like the Moral Majority, the Gablers' power with the special school boards grew. Now many of them ask these know-nothings what they think before approving a book. It is blatant hypocrisy for these people to claim they support American ideals when instead they trample the Constitution.

"They are extremely dangerous," warns a National School Board Association leader. "What they are trying to do is purge schools of all views except their own. They are a danger to our democratic society."

The Gablers are the first to admit they want to decide what our children should know. They say that "until textbooks are changed, there is no possibility that crime, violence, abortion and venereal-disease rates will be decreased."

What in the world are these two thinking when they claim, in effect, that by keeping our children ignorant and misinformed, there will be no crime, violence, abortion or VD?! How many times does it have to be pointed out that only through education can the shocking rate

of teenage pregnancy be reduced? Crime and violence are symptoms of a sick society. But the Gablers would impose their way of thinking on our children rather than allow the Constitutionally guaranteed free exchange of ideas that could lead to a solution to these problems.

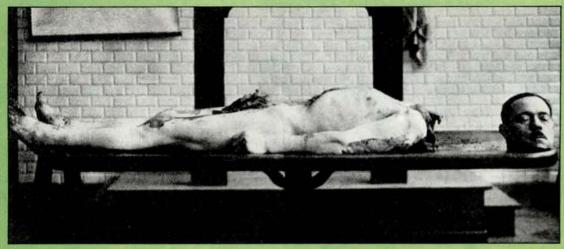
The Gablers are not moral saviors, as they insist. They are ruthless censors. Hundreds of titles have been banned from library shelves as a result of pressure from people like Mel and Norma Gabler. By applying that kind of censorship to the schools—with the goal not of protecting children but of molding their thinking to the Gablers' bluenosed point of view—this repressive duo is committing a sin against all we cherish dearly in this country.

It's frightening to think that such narrow-minded people have the power they do to kill ideas they find offensive. If it's "unpatriotic" to tell the truth about things like George Washington's having a bad temper, what could be next? Are Iews "unpatriotic" because their customs are different than the Gablers'? Should we teach our kids that American Indians are evil because they don't recognize some laws imposed on them by those who took over their land? In fact, the Gablers had a history book banned because it criticized the U.S. government's dealings with the Indians.

Mel and Norma Gabler are typical of the two-faced holier-than-thou hypocrites who are trying to destroy our Constitution. True patriots would defend freedom of speech to the death.

The Gablers could learn a lot by reading about ideas with which they disagree. One thing they could learn is that it is in Communist countries that only one school of thought is permitted. If the Gablers get their way, we'll be no different than those Communist nations. And that's about as unpatriotic as you can get.

17



Heads – You Lose

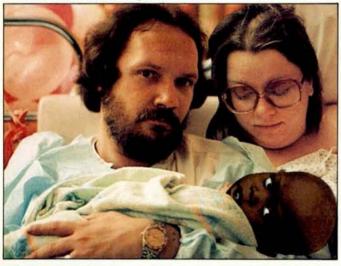
The guillotine was an instrument of execution in France for almost 200 years. Until now you could only imagine the horror of decapitation. But this old still from the French magazine *Photo* (63, Champs-Elysee, Paris-8E, France 75008) brings it to life. You won't lose your head, but you might lose your lunch.

It's a Tinsley! newborn, Delilah Rastus Tinsley, the creator of such It's a touching moment for for-lovable characters as Chester

mer HUSTLER Cartoon & Humor Editors Dwaine and Susan Tinsley. Proud dad Dwaine is presently contributing his cartooning talents to HUSTLER and other Larry Flynt Publications. Shown here holding his

Tinsley, the creator of such lovable characters as Chester the Molester (now part of Chester & Hester) has brought another wonderful being to life.

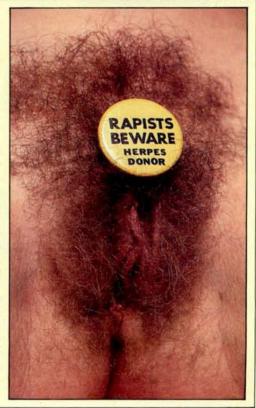
But we still can't figure out where Delilah got her looks. Susan hasn't got brown eyes either.



Look Before You Leap

A safety-minded HUSTLER reader from San Francisco sent us this undercover photograph to show how the ladies in that city keep their golden gates from being illegally bridged.

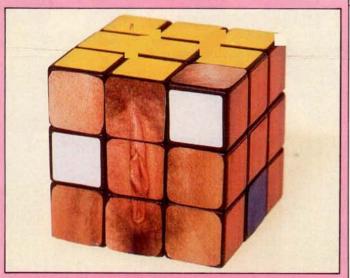
We're not sure this button would stop a psychopath, but if he decided to go ahead, it would certainly be a rash decision.



In Like a Lion ... and out like a lamb. We watched last month go by and, sure enough, March is just like sex. You give your partner a good "lion," and you get to pull her wool over your eyes.







We noticed that Mr. Rubik had forgotten to put a pink side on I fuck with.

his puzzle; so we added our own. Nothing has changed though. It's still too hard to

Name That

We can name the owner of that cunt in only one frame. It's a walrus cunt.



The Beasts of HU

Not hardly! Even though HUSTLER REJECTS features women and shootings that just didn't quite live up to the tough HUSTLER standards, they're still better than most anything you'll see in other men's magazines. If you're the kind of guy who thinks a picture's worth a thousand strokes, REJECTS will satisfy you with a dozen of the hottest pink pictorials you'll

find anywhere-outside of HUSTLER, that is.

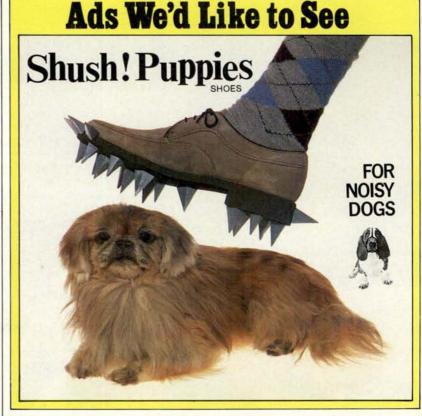
Don't miss out; check your newsstand now for the fifth edition of HUSTLER REJECTS. Or if you want it mailed directly to your home or office, just send \$3.95 plus 50¢ for postage and handling (\$1 for multiple orders) to Flynt Subscription Co. Inc. (P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944).



Did the Flash

We haven't had the pleasure of seeing a display like this since longtime Bits & Pieces contributor Jerry Aibel went into retirement. You never know what's going to happen with newcomers though. Mr. Potato Balls here may end up just a flash in the pan.

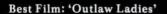
But if a guy like this could have his picture taken and then send it in to us and win \$150, maybe you could too. You don't need balls, just imagination.





HISTIER'S

They've done it again. Those





wonderful people who make erotic films have licked and thrust their way into the hearts of America, and you HUSTLER readers have decided which ones licked and thrust the best. Except for the occasional noplot, soft-sex ripoff, last year brought better-written, betteracted and better-produced adult movies than ever before. It's a competitive field that is being reckoned with by the Hollywood film industry, which has been heating up its act. Your response proved that.

But the real winners in a poll like this are you, the movie-going public. By telling the producers of X-rated films what or who you like to see on the screen, they can better judge how to create pictures that leave their audience satisfied.

There aren't many places erotic-movie makers can gain this sort of insight into viewers' tastes. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences still hasn't put in a "Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist" category.

Best Actor: John Leslie, 'Outlaw Ladies'



Best Director: Gerard Damiano, 'The Satisfiers of Alpha Blue'



Best Sex Scene: John Leslie and Annette Haven, 'Wicked Sensations'



Best Actress: Veronica Hart, 'Amanda by Night'



Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist: Veronica Hart, 'Blue Magic'



Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist: Lee Carroll, 'Urban Cowgirls'

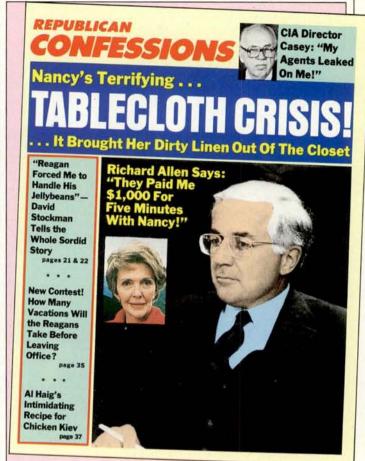




We Move Our Tails for You the damn things are trans-

Ever take a date to a fancy seafood restaurant and get sticker shock from the lobster prices?

Now we finally understand why these guys are so expensive! It's all in how ported. When the menu said, "Lobsters Flown in Daily," we didn't realize they were traveling first-class!



The Real Lowdown

New Safety Products .. From the Stars!



William Holden Drinking Helmet



Natalie Wood Inflatable Nightgown



Lung Fu!

Ladies, turn those 38s into lethal weapons with the newest of the martial arts-Lung Fu! You never know when you'll have to defend yourself: in the shower, at a nudist camp or in the privacy of your own bedroom! Change an overbearing partner into a submissive wimp with a bloodcurdling shout of "Suck on these, buster!" and a breastbeating he'll never forget. No one will ever kick sand in your crotch again!

THE CURE **FOR CANCER COULD BE** HANGING AT THE **END OF YOUR DICK.** American Cancer Society

Means to an

Interferon is a new drug being tested in the fight against cancer. And it appears the best interferon comes from foreskins. The American Cancer Society purchased more than \$1 million worth of foreskin interferon (obtained from circumcisions) to test it against interferon made from human blood. The foreskin derivative seems to cause less problems in bone-marrow formation. Remember who gave you this tip first.

scenes from the German news magazine Stern (Warburgstrasse 50, 2000 Hamburg, 36 Federal Republic of Germany) are clips from a movie by Berlin filmmaker Ulrike Ottinger called Festival of Freaks. We're not sure if it'll ever make the American theater circuit, but it sure has the earmarks of a great movieimages that stick with you like nightmares.



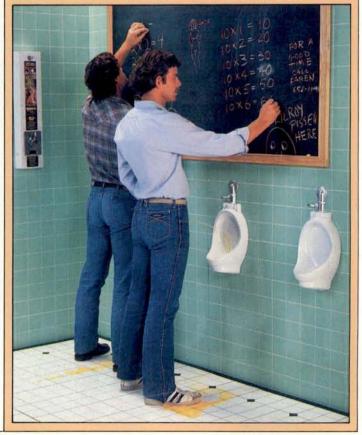


Bashful Bladders You can unplug your clogged

You say you can't piss in front of other guys? You say your bladder almost bursts 'cause you always have to wait till you get home? Worry no more! Doctors have found a cure for what they've named the Bashful Bladder Syndrome.

drain by doing simple multiplication tables. It'll take your mind off your shyness and help you let go.

But for the sake of the guy next to you, watch your aim too. Just start with number



Tank McNamara

BIG-COLLEGE SPORTS INFORMATION DIRECTORS HAVE BUDGETS FOR SELLING THEIR POTENTIAL HEISMAN WINNERS.





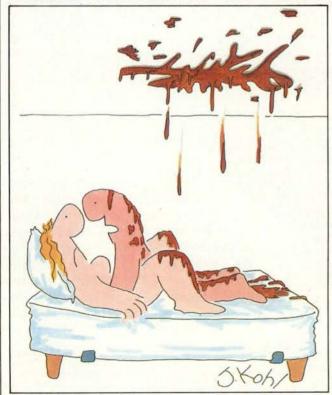
By Jeff Millar & Bill Hinds MORE THAN \$200,000 , TANK POUBLE-PAGE ADS IN 'PENTHOUSE' AND 'HUSTLER' DON'T COME CHEAP

HUSTLER turns up in the

strangest places-like this cartoon strip. We'll have to start watching the funny papers more closely. You never know when Dick Tracy's going to want something more exciting than the "Crimestopper's Notebook."

Nothing Smaller Than If you're not supposed to put anything small into your ear, why are Q-Tips so tiny? Maybe this is what we need! Try and stick that in your ear.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"I told you before we started that I had diarrhea!"

POSS! Just look at submitted photograph. We ask you: Is this shot the most disgusting and repulsive-looking thing you've ever laid eyes upon or what?

But if you're a regular HUSTLER reader, you probably expected us to say something like that-you know how we feel about the dangers of smoking cigarettes.



HUSTLER Update

IIM HOPKINS October '81

Our profile of the martyred Vietnam veteran explained that Hopkins



and tens of thousands of his fellow vets were exposed to the harmful effects of Agent Orange, the toxic defoliant used by American forces in Southeast Asia. Recently the U.S. Supreme Court let stand a lower-court ruling that all lawsuits against the manufacturers of Agent Orange be tried under state laws rather than under federal law. Thousands of suits will now be thrown out because in 20 states the deadline for filing such legal actions has already expired. "[The justices] turned their backs on the chance to give all veterans equal treatment," said an attorney for the Agent Orange plaintiffs. "It's a continuation of what Vietnam veterans have gotten ever since they came home."

DEATH BY BUREAUCRACY September '80

Our expose revealed that thousands of Americans suf-



fer and die because the federal Food and Drug Administration withholds approval of vitally needed new drugs. The FDA recently confirmed that a drug called propranolol is effective in controlling heart disease among patients who already suffered one attack. But the Wall Street Journal says the agency ignored a 1965 British study that convinced European regulators to okay the drug. Thus, for 15 years American doctors were discouraged from prescribing propranolol to more than 100,000 heart-attack victims whose lives might have been saved.

HUSTLER pays \$150 for S Bits & Pieces items. Larry Flynt Publications retains all

rights to material accepted for publication, but we will return art on request (enclose SASE). For April, \$150 and thanks to Ellacor, Clay Geerdes and Rick McClure.

HU5TLER VILL SAVE YOUR LIFE



How will you keep your head above water in the complicated '80s? The answer's right in your hands—HUSTLER. We dive into areas where other magazines are afraid to break the surface. In the past we've told you how to survive the American legal system, avoid a hospital calamity and identify the poisons in your everyday life. This is the

kind of information you need to stay out of hot water. And we'll save your sex life too. Regular columns such as Sex Play and Advise & Consent have unraveled the mysteries of herpes, the male sex drive and the elusive vaginal orgasm. Preserve the life you love to live (and save money too) by subscribing to HUSTLER today!

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EROTIC FILMS

Edited by Glenn Hunter

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we will continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to better and better productions.

Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle

Fully Erect. Produced by Howard A. Howard; directed and written by Annie Sprinkle; starring Annie Sprinkle, Judy Bilodeau, Lisa Be, Sassy, Barbara Miller, Sheisa Jones, Heather Young, Bunny Hatton, Mal O'Ree, Ron Jeremy, Lee Starr, Roger Ram, Jake Teague, Buddy Hatton, Bobby Soccie, Ron Hudd, Marc Valentine, Mike Filene and Michael Gaunt.

Annie Sprinkle is the sort of girl you might take home to



Deep inside 'Annie', there's a nice Jewish girl from Long Island.



In 'Deep Inside,' star Annie Sprinkle's no slouch with a long, hard rod.

meet your mother—so long as Mom didn't ask about Annie's line of work. Sprinkle, you see, is one of the kinkiest ladies in porn today. The combination of charm, an insatiable sexual appetite and an energetic ap-

proach to life and love makes her the stuff of which your father's wet dreams might be made. Once you see *Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle*, you're liable to have a nocturnal emission or two yourself.

This hard-on rating guide is based on a quality-for-your-money formula. However, since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Therefore we suggest you check with your theater to make sure that you are getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

FULLY ERECT

Superior. A top production that delivers fullest satisfaction.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT

Good. A well-made film that's guaranteed to please.

HALF ERECT

So-so. This may get you off, but it's limited in technique.

ONE-QUARTER ERECT

Poor. Don't expect much, and you won't be disappointed.

TOTALLY LIMP

A waste of time and money. Avoid this one at all costs.

Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle is the best "Inside" movie ever. Beside it, all the others-Inside Gloria Leonard, Inside Seka and the like-come off as mere hype. In this flick Annie lets the viewer feel as if he's entered her private domain, one where he's not a trespasser but a welcome guest. She features her best friends, shows photos of her folks, tells about losing her virginity and discloses her real first name (Ellen). By movie's end you'll feel as if you've known her all your life.

But there's much more to this film than getting acquainted with a nice Jewish chick from Long Island. And that's sex, more sex and then even more sex.

From the opening scene (when Annie takes on two studs) to a "pajama party" with seven lovelies to a photo session with Annie playing "photographer," the flick is well paced, nicely produced, cleanly edited and extremely horny. Even when Sprinkle indulges her kinky passion for watersports, it's done with taste and aplomb. While that activity may not exactly be your cup of pee, Annie's attitude somehow makes it seem as wholesome as eating apple pie.

"[Deep Inside Annie Sprinkle] is all about how much I love sex," Annie has said. "All I do is suck and fuck and have sex." This flick will probably make you want to do that too.

- 7im Heinisch



There's plenty of outside action too in 'Inside Annie Sprinkle.'

8 to 4

Fully Erect. Produced by Elliot Lewis; directed by Louie Lewis; written by Vanessa Carroll; starring Annette Haven, Lisa DeLeeuw, Loni Sanders, Veronica Hart, Juliet Anderson, Herschel Savage, Lee Carroll, Jesse Adams, Don Hart and Tieger.

More than a year ago popular entertainers Dolly Parton, Jane Fonda and Lily Tomlin teamed up to make a feminist office comedy called 9 to 5. Although about as sexually enticing as a documentary on houseplants, the flick nevertheless attracted a wide audience for its satirical view of the working world's ass-kissing, machodominated routine. Now that same sentiment has been given X-rated treatment in Louie Lewis' 8 to 4-a hot, slickly made spoof starring several of the foxiest ladies in porn.



Boss Juliet Anderson interviews job-seeker Don Hart in '8 to 4.'



'8 to 4': Lee Carroll bumps and grinds for a frustrated Herschel Savage.

Like the PG-rated original, 8 to 4 is set in a busy office (in this case, that of the "Osborne Insurance Company") where most of the female employees are considered little more than bubbleheaded robots. While the receptionist (Annette Haven) and secretaries (Loni Sanders and Lisa DeLeeuw) carry out the firm's real work, bosses Herschel Savage and Juliet Anderson spend most of their time balling eager job applicants.

"Mr. Jarvis demands everything a woman has to give," Haven advises Veronica Hart, who's seeking an executive secretary's position. "He needs a woman who will go all the way." Ushered into the inner sanctum, Hart takes Haven's

advice and a whole lot more as she and Savage (in his role as boss Jarvis) fuck to a shattering orgasm. Needless to say, she's promised a job.

En route to 8 to 4's comical climax-a revolt by the workers in which Anderson and Savage are caught pants-downthere are plenty of chances to see the film's stars at play. In a sultry, after-hours lesbian sequence, Sanders and DeLeeuw make it with such intensity, you'll swear they didn't need a script. Sanders also serves as the centerpiece of a furtive threeway atop the office copying machine. Wrapped up with Jesse Adams and Tieger, the sometime-HUSTLER model shows off one of porn's best bods since Marilyn Chambers.

8 to 4 does have a couple of flaws. Receptionist Haven—a genuine looker who can also act—appears in just one sex scene, not nearly enough. And despite the movie's title, the secretaries are seen counting down the afternoon's final moments not till four o'clock but five.

This, however, is mere quibbling. Cleanly photographed and intelligently edited, 8 to 4 emerges as X-rated fare of the most satisfying kind. Now, when adult-film makers come up with plots as sharp as this one on their own, we'll know the industry has finally arrived.

-G.H.

Little Orphan Dusty, Part II

Totally Limp. Produced, directed and written by Jaacov Jaacovi; starring Rhonda Jo Petty, Angel Cash, Angela, Terry Ritter, Tress, Laura Lazare, Mati Lassalle, Rob Everett, Kevin Gibson and Danny Lazare.

If you missed Little Orphan Dusty, Part I, you're probably not alone. Judging from this sequel, anyone who'd ever plunk down five bucks to watch Rhonda Jo Petty and company stumble about under the inept direction of Jaacov Jaacovi would have to be awfully hard up for an X-rated fix . . . or else be totally deaf and blind.

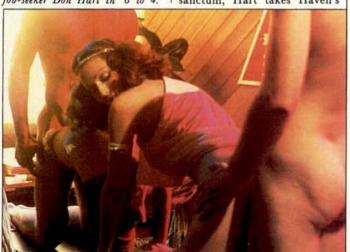
Actually, Little Orphan Dusty, Part II is so bad, it's hilarious. And while there might be some entertainment value in that, why pay to see something that's



Playing a secretary, Loni Sanders is a knockout in '8 to 4.' bungled from beginning to end? The sex scenes are awkward, not erotic. The acting is atrocious, and the dialogue often defies any known logic. The plot? Well, get ready for this:

Dusty (Rhonda Jo Petty) is a young orphan lass who reads the book Roots and promptly gets inspired to search for her mother, who'd long ago given Dusty up for adoption. Our heroine is assisted in the hunt by a detective (Rob Everett) hired to protect her after an attempt is made on her life. (Everett has appeared in numerous porn productions as Eric Edwards.) The would-be assassin (Kevin Gibson) is her mother's lover; he's tracked Dusty down and wants her out of the way.

The reason is simple. Dusty's



In '8 to 4,' receptionist Annette Haven's in the middle of a hot menage-a-twat.

mother (Angel Cash) is an aging actress who's also filthy rich. Gibson plans to marry Cash, kill her and inherit her money. But when Everett's astute detective work unites Ma with daughter, Gibson's scam seems to be foiled.

However, he refuses to give up. In one last-ditch ploy, he tries to snuff Dusty out by pouring sleeping pills down her throat. (Given Rhonda Jo's performance to this point, you may hope he succeeds.) Everett rides to the rescue, though, and turns the culprit over to the cops. Then he and Dusty announce their intention to wed.

Let's just hope the producers allow the newlyweds to live in sterile peace. I don't think we could stand any Little Dusty offspring. $-\mathcal{J}$. H.

The Seductress

Totally Limp. Produced by Damon Christian, Louise Barrett, Ken Gibb and Bob Chinn; directed by Bob Chinn; written by John Fineberg; starring Lee Carroll, Lisa De-Leeuw, Kathy Marcourt, Yvette Cole, Cory Marjon, Billy De, Richard Laidlaw, Sean Bruce and Damon Christian.

Damon Christian has produced some fine adult films,



Lisa DeLeeuw and Sean Bruce (top), Yvette Cole and Billie De in 'Seductress.'

and outstanding production values—are all but missing from this one. Of course, *The Seductress* is no campy comedy; it's a "serious" movie dealing with extortion, murder and decaying relationships.

The Seductress focuses on a blackmail attempt gone awry. The potential victims are all members of the Las Vegas firesafety board, and the twisted tale makes almost no sense until the final scene, featuring stock footage of 1980's tragic blaze at the MGM Grand Hotel. In the words of the press release that accompanies the film: "The viewer is left to draw his own conclusions." However, that's easier said than done.

As the movie opens, we find a

eyes out while Christian photographs the whole thing. The purpose of the photos? It seems Laidlaw's wife (Lisa DeLeeuw) is tired of the old boy and has hired Christian and Carroll to set him up for an uncontestable divorce suit.

While that sounds simple enough, there's much more to come. Carroll, whose character is drawn as a ruthless junkie, discovers that Laidlaw is actually a key civil servant. Recognizing the value of the photos, she phones DeLeeuw and ups the ante. In order to get the pictures. DeLeeuw must take on one of Carroll's tricks and shell out even more bread. DeLeeuw gives in to the first demand, and ends up screwing one of her husband's cohorts (Billy De) while Christian again photographs the action.

Eventually, the mastermind of the entire scam gets hip to Carroll's double-dealing and has her rubbed out. This may be the most innovative part of *The Seductress*; Carroll's lying still for a couple of minutes is arguably the flick's best acting job too. The sex scenes are overlong and lifeless, while the intricate "plot" comes off like a cheap shot at the audience's intelligence.

By the end of the film, everyone—including the viewer—is thoroughly bewildered. Who is the real villain? And how did all the complicated action contribute to his master plan? The producers' pat "solution"—the Vegas fire footage—hardly answers these questions.

After 90 minutes of The Seductress, you'll feel like the one who's been burned. — 7. H.

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

A Girl's Best Friend
Amanda by Night
Blonde Ambition
Exhausted
Indecent Exposure
Neon Nights
Never So Deep
Nightdreams
Nothing to Hide
Outlaw Ladies
Pandora's Mirror
The Best of Gail Palmer
The Dancers
Wicked Sensations

Three-Quarters Erect

Ball Game
Between the Sheets
Delicious
Extreme Close-up
Garage Girls
Girls U.S.A.
High School Memories
Inside Seka
Same Time Every Year
Sex Boat
The Tale of Tiffany Lust
Urban Cowgirls

Half Erect

Afternoon Delights
Aunt Peg's Fulfillment
Blue Magic
Centerfold Fever
Cheryl Hannson, Cover Girl
Extremes
Flash
Manhattan Mistress
Skin on Skin
The Filthy Rich
The Tiffany Minx
Woman in Love

One-Quarter Erect

Silky Sweet Cheeks Tinseltown

Totally Limp

Honey Throat Hot Dallas Nights Naughty Network Starship Eros



'The Seductress': Billy De shares a serious moment with Kathy Marcourt.

including American Pie, one of 1981's best. Unfortunately, his latest effort is a major disappointment. The elements that have distinguished Christian's previous flicks—wit, humor

photographer (Christian himself) loading a camera behind a two-way mirror in a sleazy motel. Enter Lee Carroll as a prostitute with her john (Richard Laidlaw). She screws his

BOOKS

Reviewed by Theodore Sturgeon

The Last Mafioso

By Ovid Demaris; Bantam Books/ Times Books, 3 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$15 hardcover, \$3.95 paperback.

When a remarkable tale is told down in the West Indies, someone is likely to throw up his hands and exclaim, "Oh, wud God I were a fly on de wall for to see dat!" After reading this fat paperback, you'll feel like you've been that fly on the wall. In restaurants, bars, cars, planes and especially in phone booths, you're able to witness the Mafia at work, the ebb and flow of underworld power.

The reader might first feel as if author Ovid Demaris fabricated The Last Mafioso, or at least was very creative in reporting events and word-forword conversations. But Demaris has two things going for him: 30 years spent investigating organized crime (during which time he's produced 26 books), and the complete cooperation of a Mafia informer named Aladena Fratianno. Known as "Jimmy the Weasel," Fratianno is an amazing man with a record of violent crime stretching back to the 1920s. And his memory is astonishing.

With access to police and FBI files and wiretap tapes—and a close working relationship with key figures in law enforcement—Demaris was able to check and cross-check every fact Fratianno gave him. Once Jimmy agreed to cooperate, he apparently opened up completely; the Weasel and Demaris worked on this book almost daily for nearly two years.

The old-style Mafioso, it seems, has virtually disappeared. The original "families" were rigidly structured and had their own unshakable moral code based on loyalty and obedience, with certain death the alternative. (Surprisingly, one thing these families swore to in their initiations was to keep hands off black-market narcotics.) But as the years passed, the old pacts deteriorated in the face of

growing greed, strife within and between families, and the increased resources of the law.

Fratianno's defection resulted from a kind of old-line Mafia honor. Simply put, part of the true Mafioso's code is to exercise revenge. When Jimmy the Weasel discovered for sure that his friends had turned against him, he got even. Now he's sure of dying honorably.

As recounted here, Fratianno's story dramatically affirms what you may already know: Despite the eclipse of the powerful old families, organized crime still affects each and every one of us.





Eyewitness

By Harold Evans; William Morrow and Company Inc., 105 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$19.95.

With the subtitle 25 Years Through World Press Photos, this fascinating book comes from an independent, nonprofit Dutch organization of press photographers called the World Press Photo Holland Foundation. Ever since the mid-1950s it has assigned a panel of professionals to judge the year's best news photographs. Now, to mark its first quarter-century of existence, the group has produced this collection, 25 years' worth of significant, prizewinning pictures.

Each year's section begins with a brief, fact-filled minihistory written by Harold Evans (editor of the *Times* of London), with the rest of the space devoted to outstanding black-and-white photos. These pictures will make you shake

your head in wonder at the sometimes-marvelous, sometimes-horrible things human beings do to one another.

Here are images that show gleeful soldiers bayoneting Bangladesh civilians suspected of having sympathized with the Pakistanis during the impoverished country's struggle for independence. In a shot taken during early construction of the Berlin Wall, you'll see a young East German guard holding the barbed wire aside to let a little boy pass through, the guard scared as hell at the prospect of getting caught.

In one dramatic, heartrending sequence captured during a apartment-house fire in Boston, a 19-year-old girl and a three-year-old fall helplessly through the air after a fire escape gives way. (The girl was killed, while the toddler landed on top of her and survived.)

Eyewitness includes pictures of revolution and war, starvation and torture, comedy and politics—all the adventures and tragedies that make our world what it is.

You'll see much in this volume you may remember: Viet-



'Eyewitness' depicts Afghan guerrillas holding a villager suspected of collaborating with Soviet invaders (top); Robert Kennedy shot during his 1968 campaign for the Presidency; and the Rolling Stones' Mick Jagger.

nam, Cuba and Fidel Castro, the Kennedy brothers, Olympic swimmer Mark Spitz, heavyweight boxer Sonny Liston, the dead revolutionary Che Guevara, former U.S. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger picking his nose, and Israel's Menachem Begin and Egypt's Anwar Sadat embracing in the bright light of President Jimmy Carter's historic Middle East peace settlement.

In fact, a possible criticism of this book is that too many of the photos have been seen too many times before. One photograph that is included here—possibly the most influential ever taken—simply cannot be ignored or forgotten. In it a nine-year-old Vietnamese girl runs naked and screaming from her napalmed village. It's a powerful reminder that we must continue to search for ways to stop hurting our innocent children.

In the meantime, take a good, long look at Eyewitness:



Frightened Vietnamese children flee what's left of their napalmed village in Harold Evans' 'Eyewitness: 25 Years Through World Press Photos.'

25 Years Through World Press | Photos. Afterward, you'll be much better acquainted with the human race.

Sing Me Back Home

By Merle Haggard with Peggy Russell; Times Books, 3 Park Ave., New York, NY 10016; \$12.95.

Sing Me Back Home is a book for good ol' boys—and anyone else interested in one of the most extraordinary musical talents of our time.

It's the autobiography of country-and-western great Merle Haggard, himself a dyedin-the-wool good ol' boy who's been known to drink, carouse and do "just plain mean" things like beat the hell out of a hardworking retarded kid in order to steal the boy's lawnmowing money. (That particular instance earned the young Haggard yet another stay in one of the string of juvenile halls, correctional farms, jails and penitentiaries he's called home from time to time.) With the skillful assistance of writer Peggy Russell, Haggard's style here is a marvelous mix of confession and boastfulness.

The narrative takes a welcome turn as country music helps to straighten Haggard out. But it didn't happen overnight, or very easily.

At first, the weight of Haggard's huge talent waged war with his wanderlust—and with his almost-total conviction that other people's property was his to enjoy because he happened

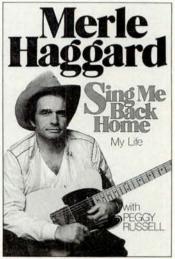
to want it or need it. Sometimes it seemed like a fun idea to "borrow" a car and return it later with extra gas in the tank. But then he'd drive around in a wild way that guaranteed he'd get in trouble with the law.

It was after one of these brushes with the law that he found himself in California's tough San Quentin prison. Thrown into an isolation cell within talking distance of author/convict Caryl Chessman (who was executed in 1960), Haggard came to re-evaluate his view that crime was some kind of swashbuckling adventure.

"Those seven days in isolation may have been some of the most important days of my life, because for the first time in my 21 years I looked inward," Haggard writes.

Eventually, his ability to write songs, pick guitar and sing in an honest, heartfelt manner emerged. And he was on his way to an unparalleled career in country music.

Haggard's restlessness, however, has never really left him. He loves deeply, yet finds it hard to stay married. While he knows where he's bent the rules and what that can cost, there are the fistfights, the gambling, the occasional but determined bouts with the liquor bottle.



In the end, though, it's clear nothing can hold this man down as long as music can lift him up. "I guess a man can do something once he puts his mind to it," Haggard says. "Especially if he wants it bad enough to go through the fire to get it. And brother, I have been through the fire—sometimes fanning the damn flames myself."



In 'Eyewitness,' two victims of an apartment-house blaze are shown falling through the air after the bracing beneath their fire escape collapses.

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When Mike (not his real name) invites his girlfriend over for the evening, their passionate necking soon leads to the bedroom. There they decide to experiment with a "game" of bondage and domination. The girlfriend, who is older and more sexually experienced than Mike, lashes him to the bedposts. Then she pulls out a knife and approaches him menacingly.

That's when the "game" apparently ends. As the girl moves closer, she threatens to stab Mike if he refuses to screw her! The terrified man begins to cry in protest, but he can do nothing to stop her sexual assault. The experience is so shocking that for two years afterward. Mike remains celibate.

A husband and wife are undergoing sex therapy with a family counselor. The therapy is having a positive effect, and both the man and the woman happily tell their teenage son about their rejuvenated sexuality. "I'm glad vou're helping Mom and Dad," the boy later tells the therapist. "But I wish you could get Grandma out of the house." When the family counselor asks why, the boy reveals that his grandmother has been forcing him to have sex with her!

A 13-year-old boy is assaulted by his 15-year-old baby-sitter. The girl waves a long kitchen knife and orders him to ball her. Five years later he still suffers from an inability to relate to women.

A 14-year-old girl is to be placed in a foster home. Her social worker finally locates a family that is willing to take her in. But investigation reveals the girl had been forced to leave her previous home after sexually assaulting her former foster parents' 13-year-old son. The new placement is averted just in time to save the family's four young boys from the possibility of a similar attack.

For years the idea of turnabout rape has been consigned to the realm of locker-room fantasy. While tales of rape by females can be found in sources as diverse as Greek mythology and Shakespeare, most males find it difficult to believe a

Many sexual pleasures have remained hidden for too long behind the doors of fear, ignorance, inexperience and hypocrisy. In keeping with HUSTLER's belief that the repression of natural and healthy urges is physically and emotionally damaging, we present this series of informative articles to increase your sexual knowledge, to lessen your inhibitions and-ultimately-to make you a much better lover.



RAPE OF MEN BY WOMEN

by Bill Lawren

man can actually be sexually assaulted by a woman. But-as illustrated by these cases (all of which have been documented by medical or legal authorities) - such assaults are indeed possible. And they're occurring with increasing frequency.

In 1980, the last year for which complete FBI statistics are available, 270 women were arrested for raping men. That's an increase of nearly 25% over the total for 1979. And authorities estimate that for each case that comes to their attention, as many as ten others go unreported.

These figures concern many experts, including Dr. Phillip Sarrel, director of cause blood to rush to the penis, thus

the Sex Counseling Program at Yale University and one of the nation's leading authorities on the rape of men by women. Sarrel has now reviewed nearly two dozen cases in which men were sexually assaulted by women-not just aggressively seduced, but violently raped. In each case the sexual scars from the experience were just as deep as those that result when a woman is raped by a man.

But how is it possiblepsychologically and anatomically-for a man to achieve and sustain an erection while in a "state of terror"? Even professional psychotherapists find it difficult to suppose that a man can be bullied, frightened or coerced into having an erection.

"When the first case came to see me nine years ago, I myself found it hard to believe," Dr. Sarrel says. "The common myth is that rape by a woman on a male victim is impossible because a man cannot get an erection when frightened.

"One reason [for this mythl," Sarrel continues, "may be that we generalize from what we know about anxiety's causing failure. Indeed, it is true that worry or anxiety may interfere with a man's initial or sustained erection, particularly when he is worrying about his own sexual 'performance.' But all anxieties are not the same. Neither are all men the same."

Many people misunderstand the role the mind plays in affecting the body, Sarrel believes. "We know that young boys, even men, get erections in all kinds of nonsexual situations," he explains. "When called on in class, for example, when watching a fire, when wrestling or fighting, even when wounded in battle. So erection can be a response to a wide range of emotions, including fear."

Research by Masters and Johnson supports Sarrel's contention. When someone is frightened, the heart begins to beat faster and blood circulation is increased. The stepped-up pressure can

triggering an erection. In a laboratory at England's Oxford University, in fact, Dr. John Bancroft, a sex researcher, found that some 20% of the men he tested actually needed a certain degree of anxiety in order to experience an erection.

Even in the aftermath of rape, many men still cling to outdated myths. "Since most men never imagine they could be assaulted, they feel afterward as though there must be something terribly weird about them," Sarrel says. "They think their entire body has failed them by responding, that they haven't reacted as a 'normal' man would react. Their response seems absolutely bizarre to them."

Because of these feelings, male rape victims are often extremely reluctant to report their experience to the authorities, or even to discuss them in confidence with their friends. In the rare cases where they do disclose what's happened, they're frequently met with disbelief and even ridicule.

A few years ago, Sarrel recounts, a sailor is said to have showed up at a police precinct house in Southern California to report that he had been sexually assaulted by a woman. The police officers on duty assumed that the sailor was either intoxicated, crazy or enjoying a good laugh at their expense.

In any case, the cops quickly ushered him to the door.

"Many of these victims simply aren't believed by anyone," Sarrel says. "Doctors don't believe them, and neither do psychiatrists, lawyers, judges and juries. And certainly not the police—that is, if they dare to tell a policeman about the attack in the first place."

All of this adds up to a severe case of "post-rape trauma." Shock, disbelief and frustration set in. The victim becomes withdrawn, afraid, and unsure of himself. "Who am I as a sexual being?" he asks. "I must be abnormal."

In almost all cases there's a tremendous negative impact on the victim's sexual response—an impact that can last a lifetime. Most of the victims Sarrel studied developed a pattern of nonorgasmic response—that is, they're able to get a hard-on, but can't reach orgasm. Many had difficulty achieving or maintaining an erection; a few were troubled with severe cases of premature ejaculation.

Problems with sexual response only foster more anxiety, which in turn aggravates existing sexual difficulties, and so a vicious circle results. Men who find themselves caught in this dilemma often become celibate, sometimes for years on end. Their sleep patterns may be disturbed, or they may move restlessly from

place to place, as if attempting to escape the problem by establishing physical distance from it.

Whatever the victim's response, treatment is a long, slow and often-agonizing process—if he decides to seek treatment at all. Frequently, victims must relearn male-female relationships from the ground up.

"When I treat a male rape victim," Sarrel says, "I tell him first that his reaction during the rape was perfectly normal, that it doesn't mean he has some sort of bizarre sexuality. I also tell him that post-rape trauma is par for the course.

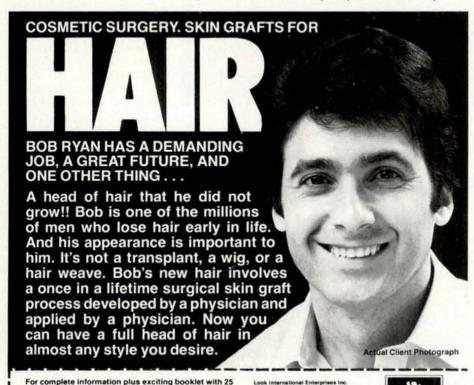
"Usually the victims need to go back to the very early experiences in their sexual histories, to remember that all women are not rapists. Then, as part of a step-by-step process, they need to get into new relationships with women, relationships in which the boundaries are very carefully defined."

While counselors like Sarrel attack the problem of male rape from the standpoint of the individual victim, society is struggling to come up with broader answers. There now seems to be agreement that the acts of female rapists—like those of their male counterparts—are primarily acts of violence, and are only incidentally sexual. (See October 1981's Sex Play, "Sex and Violence.")

These women seem to be expressing their hostility toward men in the most direct, convenient and terrifying form available to them. In Queens, New York, for example, three women reportedly broke into the apartment of a man they didn't know and badly beat him up. They also forced him to perform cunnilingus on each of them in turn, threatening to kill the man if he failed to complete the acts to their satisfaction. Then they robbed him and left. During the assault two of the women spoke of their hostile feelings toward men as a whole. The victim seemed to them like someone who would "stick it" to females.

It's not yet clear how our society—and especially America's justice system—will respond to the new challenge of rape of men by females. We may see new laws aimed specifically at the female rapist, laws that redefine rape in terms of our growing knowledge of the phenomenon.

But changes in law usually follow changes in attitudes—public attitudes in general, and the attitudes of professionals in particular. To deal with the problem of turnabout rape successfully, all of us will have to be sensitized to the reality of the act itself... and to the very real pain it causes its victims.



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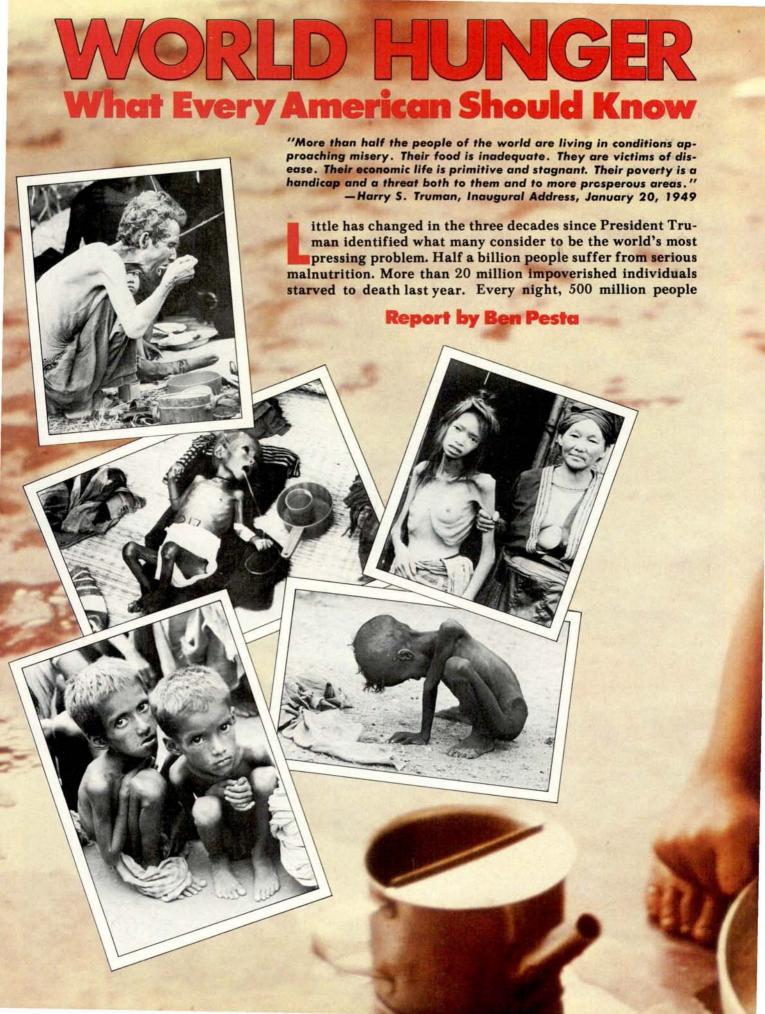
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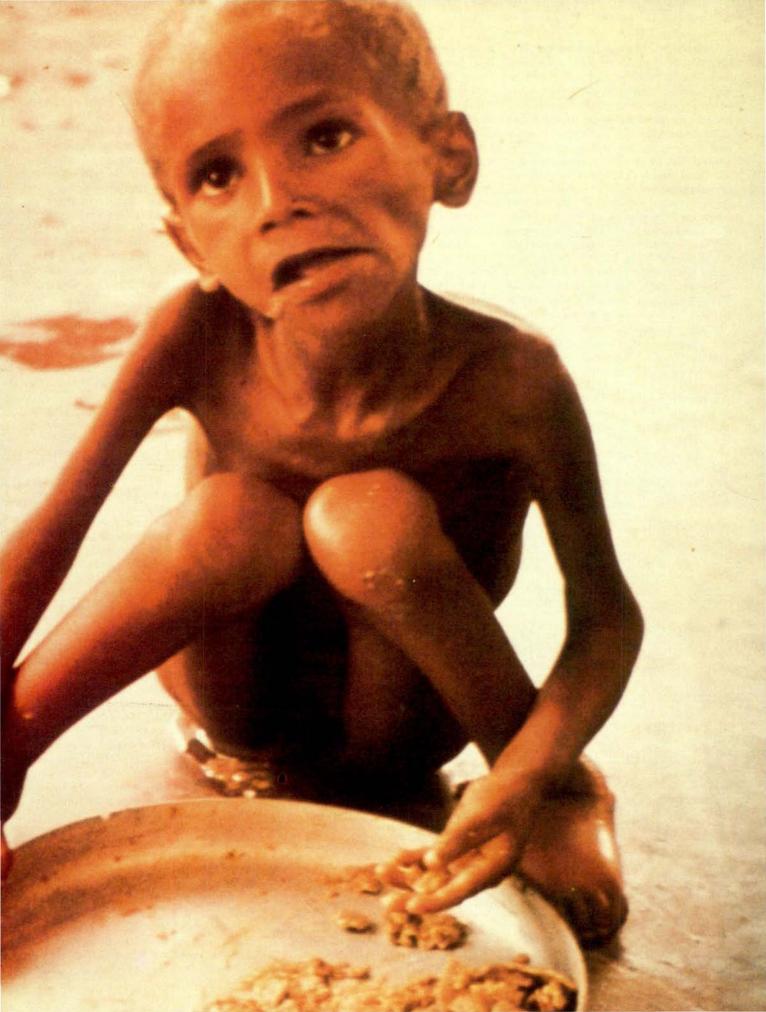
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around the world go to bed hungry. Every minute, 57 children die of starvation and hunger-related diseases. Imagine how painful it must be to die that way.

For starters, the victim feels hungry—not just an ordinary desire for food, but a desperate craving. Yet he's too weak and listless to do much except lie around and think about nourishment.

After a few days his appetite tails off, an indication his brain's chemistry is beginning to go haywire. He might also feel a surge of energy, or just get headaches and puke a lot. Then his muscles weaken, including that most important one of all: the heart. He can put his hand to his chest and feel his heart flutter.

Weight loss is rapid, even though the victim's legs and stomach bloat—exactly like those starving African kids in National Geographic photos. Next his kidneys begin to fail—so he may soon be poisoned by waste materials in the bloodstream. By now his immunity system is also shot to hell. Catching the flu or even a cold could be fatal.

He's also likely to have a few unsightly side symptoms caused by vitamin deficiencies, such as bruises on the body, skin rashes, running sores and/or bleeding gums. His hair might even turn gray and start falling out in clumps.

Unfortunately, the nervous system

holds up pretty well without food; so this starvation victim would be conscious just about all the way through his ordeal, and would know exactly what was happening to him. Between 40 and 80 days after his last meal, he'd have lost 45% to 55% of his body weight. Finally, his heart, liver or kidneys (or all of them) would stop functioning, and he'd die.

Sounds like a pretty horrible way to go, doesn't it? Conditions aren't much better for the vast number of potential victims who are hungry all the time. Consider the following:

□ At six in the morning in Bogota, the capital of Colombia, ten-year-old Juan rubs his eyes. He rises from his bed (a doorway) and watches his blanket (a newspaper) flutter down the street. He has to get up early to pick through garbage cans for his breakfast. Perhaps he'll find some chicken bones or uneaten beans. Then again, perhaps the rats, the dogs, the garbage collectors or other children will beat him to these pathetic scraps.

□ Nunu is a three-year-old refugee from the civil war in Ethiopia. He lives in a refugee camp in neighboring Somalia, along with 76,000 other displaced persons. Each one subsists on the daily 12 ounces of grain provided by relief organizations, enough to keep most

adults barely alive. Everyone in Nunu's camp draws his water from two shallow, hand-dug wells, both of which are contaminated. Nunu has caught dysentery from drinking the water. He'll probably die from it.

☐ Mohinder lives on the foul-smelling streets of Calcutta, India, along with thousands of other homeless people. He came from the country to find work in the city. So far he hasn't found any. He drinks and washes with water from a public tap. The street corner is his toilet. He competes for garbage with the rest of Calcutta's needy. Often there are not enough scraps to go around; then Mohinder has to pick through piles of cow manure, looking for bits of undigested grain to eat.

☐ In Brazil a growing number of people are so crushed by poverty that they sell their own body parts—such as kidneys and corneas—in order to exist. "There is no other way out," says one of them. "I sometimes live on bread and water."

About one out of every eight people on Earth ekes out such a dismal existence. Sick and hungry every day, they live a nightmare that few Americans can begin to imagine.

"There are two types of malnutrition," says California nutritionist James Kenney. "Marasmus is caused by a lack of calories; you're simply not getting enough food. Kwashiorkor comes from not getting enough protein. Your tissues bloat, your arms and legs get very thin, and your hair falls out.

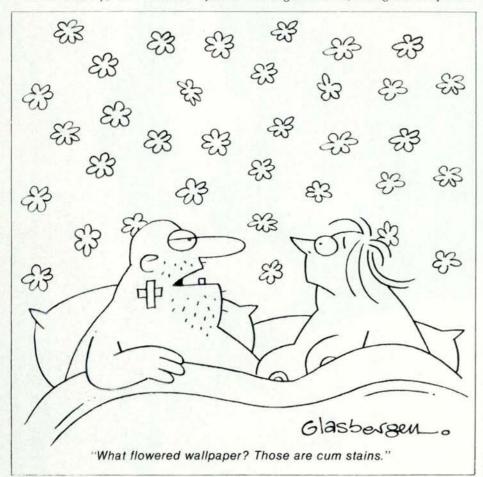
"Then there are diseases caused by vitamin and mineral deficiencies. If you don't get enough thiamine, you can develop beriberi—which usually causes your tissues to bloat up, and leads eventually to heart failure. Scurvy comes from a lack of vitamin C. Sailors used to get it on long sea voyages. Your gums start to bleed, your nose bleeds and clots, you bruise easily, and you may develop lesions all over your skin.

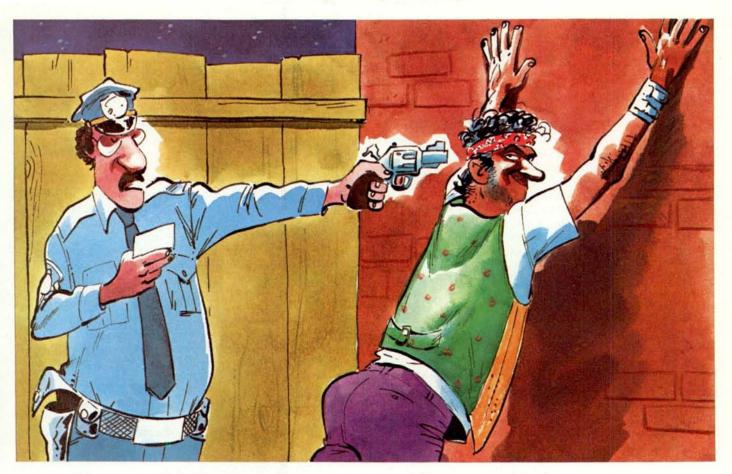
"Without vitamin A you can go blind. Too little vitamin D and/or calcium can cause *rickets*, which will make your bones become soft and start to bend."

Why is the world plagued by hunger? The reasons are many.

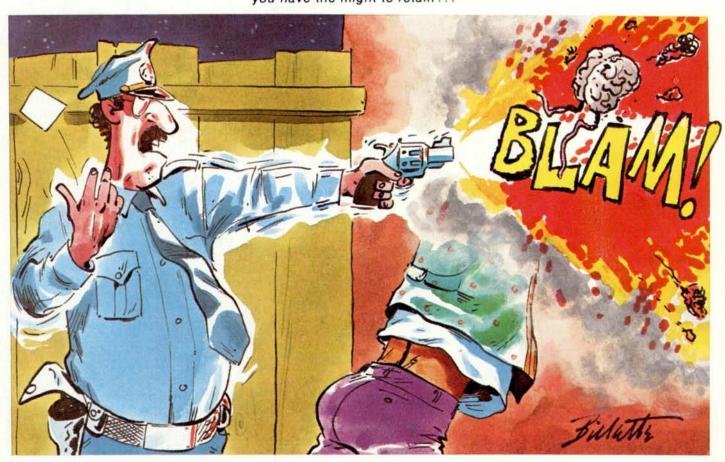
1. Too many people. In 1930 there were about 2.7 billion people on our planet. Today there are 4.4 billion. In the year 2000 there will be about 6.15 billion. The world's population will have tripled in a lifetime. This human tidal wave is striking where it will do the most damage: the poor countries.

(The rich countries are the United States, Canada, Japan, the Soviet Union, Australia, New Zealand and most of Europe.





"You have the sight ... no ... you have the right to remain violent ... no ... you have the might to retain ..."



"Oh, fuck it!"

The poor countries are everyplace else.)

Today about 1.1 billion people live in the rich countries of the world. By the year 2000 that number will have only increased to 1.3 billion. In contrast, the poor countries are home to 3.4 billion people. By the year 2000 there will be 4.9 billion poor.

The world produces more and more food all the time, but production just isn't keeping pace with the massive population growth of the poor countries. Bangladesh—formerly East Pakistan—provides a graphic example. Approximately the size of Wisconsin, it is possibly the world's poorest country. Ninetyfour million people live there; in 20 years there will be 67 million more. The average annual income is \$90, less than what many big-city American welfare recipients receive each week. (It takes a yearly income of \$6,000 to live decently in that Asian country.)

Competition for what little food exists is understandably fierce, but it's not the only problem overpopulation causes. Like its neighbors in southern Asia, Bangladesh gets most of its rain during a three-to-four-month monsoon season. In 1974, savage monsoons produced terrible floods in the unsafe lowlands where much of the population is forced to live. Typhoid, cholera and starvation eventu-

ally killed more than 1 million Bengalis.

2. Unproductive farming methods. Farm workers in the rich countries are 13 times more productive than those in the poor countries. For example, they grow about four times as much rice per acre. But the poor countries, which supply 92% of the world's rice, lack the money to obtain advanced farming technology that's made agriculture so efficient in wealthier nations. Even if poor farmers had such technology, they would remain proprietors of small plots of land; it wouldn't make much sense to use a threshing machine on a two-acre plot. Besides, mechanical farming methodswhile faster than human labor-waste a certain percentage of the crop. A farmer in India, living on the brink of starvation, has to harvest every last grain of rice from his fields. He can use his family for all the manual labor he needs.

Because many fertilizers are made from petroleum, poor farmers have been hurt by the steep increase in oil prices. (It now costs about ten times what it did in 1972.) Many of them have had to go to moneylenders so they can buy fertilizer. When their crops fail, the moneylenders take over the farms.

3. Unequal land distribution. Most of the world's farmland is controlled by a relative few. In El Salvador, for example, more than 99% of the farms are smaller than 250 acres. Those few farms that are larger make up over half the country's farmland.

In the United States we can grow plenty of food for everybody, with enough left over to export. In most other countries a few landowners become enormously wealthy, while the rest remain hopelessly poor.

4. Bad governments. It's hard to believe, but some nations actually refuse to feed their own starving citizens. Two of the most sickening recent examples:

●In the early 1970s eastern Africa was devastated by the terrible Sahel drought. The populations of entire villages in Ethiopia were uprooted because of famine, and the refugees staggered around the country in search of food. Perhaps as many as a half-million Ethiopians died lingering, horrible deaths from starvation and malnutrition-induced diseases. Often, their wasted bodies were left to decompose in the desert.

Emperor Haile Selassie, the self-styled "Lion of Judah," was more concerned with covering up the disaster than with doing something about it. Ethiopia continually turned down offers of outside food aid, rather than risk embarrassment. In fact, like most of the other African countries affected by the Sahel drought, Ethiopia produced enough food to feed its own people. But exporting the food was much more profitable.

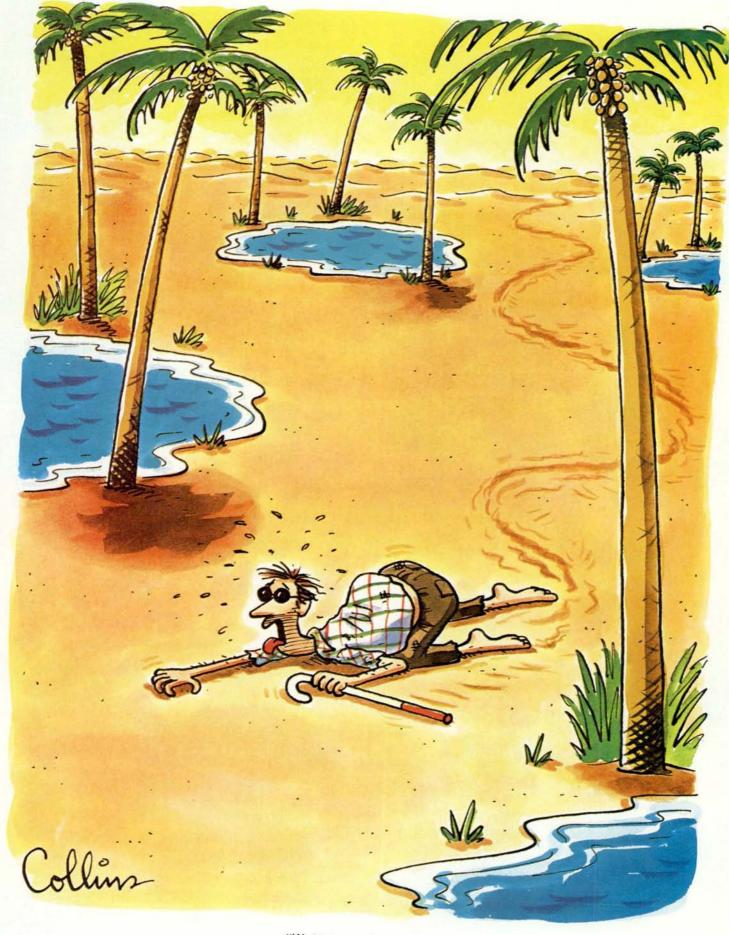
To the surprise of few, Haile Selassie's empire was soon overthrown and replaced by a socialist state. Ethiopians fared little better under the new regime. The provinces of Eritrea and Ogaden (where many inhabitants are of Somalian extraction) tried to secede. Resulting civil wars forced 1.5 million refugees to flee to Somalia, already the world's eighth-poorest country. More than a million of these refugees now live in camps, crowded into unsanitary tents, with inadequate (or contaminated) water supplies and little food. Living conditions are almost as bleak as those in World War II concentration camps.

Back in Ethiopia, UNICEF (the United Nations Children's Fund) reports that 5 million people face famine. One out of every four Ethiopian babies won't live to see its first birthday.

•In 1975 the unhappy people of Cambodia (now Kampuchea) watched as their short-lived republic was over-thrown by the Communist Khmer Rouge revolutionaries. The new leader, Pol Pot, set himself up as dictator. First he forcibly moved more than 4 million people—half the country's population—

(continued on page 50)





"Water...water..."









henever Tina, a 23-year-old stewardess from San Francisco, has a break from flying back and forth across the Pacific, she likes to lounge in the bedroom she designed herself. "Being on your feet all day as a stewardess is a drag, and it really wears me out. So when I'm by myself, I become a lazy lady. I like to bring myself off real slow, teasing and probing my pussy, and all the time imagining my boyfriend's cock gently rubbing and pushing into my deepest spots." Although Tina prefers nonstop lovemaking, she finds these quiet sessions more relaxing than sleeping pills. "Sometimes, just playing with myself like this can make me come three or four times in a row." That doesn't sound too lazy to us.















(continued from page 38)

from the cities to the country, in effect creating 4 million refugees. Then he executed "counterrevolutionary elements," perhaps more than a million in all, forcing hundreds of thousands to flee to Thailand and Vietnam.

Before the revolution the Chinese had a saying: "Rich as Cambodia." By January 1979, when Pol Pot's government was toppled by an invading army from Vietnam, Cambodia's population had shrunk from 8 million to 5.5 million, and the once-prosperous nation faced desperate famine.

Some say the problem of hunger can never be solved. In 1967 Paul and William Paddock published a book with the prophetic title Famine 1975! They argued that the world should adopt a policy of triage toward the hungry. Deriving from the French word meaning "to sort out," triage is a term most often used by doctors on the battlefield, where there are likely to be many wounded soldiers and insufficient medical personnel to care for them.

Combat medics usually appoint one of their number as "triage officer" to separate the wounded into three groups-those who require immediate medical attention to survive; those who

are in relatively good shape; and those who are going to succumb no matter what's done for them. The first group is taken care of at once. The second group is ministered to next. The third group is allowed to die.

Pessimistically, the Paddocks suggested that the "healthy" (rich) nations should look after themselves first and then concentrate their aid on those "critical" nations where their help would make the difference between life and death. They said that countries headed down the tubes anyway (such as Bangladesh) should simply be allowed to do so

Another pessimist is Dr. Garrett Hardin, a biologist at the University of California at Santa Barbara. He coined the term "lifeboat ethic" to describe the way we should look at hunger. According to Hardin, the world is like a lifeboat, and the rich countries are like people sitting in it. All around the boat the less fortunate (the poor countries) swim in the sea. There are many more of them than the boat can hold. What happens if everyone is allowed on board? The vessel's carrying capacity is exceeded, the craft sinks, and everybody drowns.

Hardin says it's usually a mistake to send food aid to a country with a population greater than its resources can support. He suggests it's immoral to send only food, without tying in such

aid with economic development or birth-control programs. Some experts have called his ideas "obscene."

The logical flaw in triage thinking and the "lifeboat ethic" is that we don't know the world's "carrying capacity." India has tripled its food production since 1950, and hasn't had to ask for outside food aid for the last five years. China no longer suffers killer famines. The Soviet Union, where people starved as late as the 1930s, now supplies workers with a regular ration of meat.

The Hunger Project is one organization that believes we can overcome the vexing problem. "The end of hunger and starvation on our planet by 1997." its letterhead reads. "An idea whose time has come "

In recent years the Project has received substantial press coveragesome good, some bad. Part of that publicity stems from its connection with est (erhard seminars training), the controversial self-improvement program invented by the car salesman-turned-"Me Generation" guru, Werner Erhard.

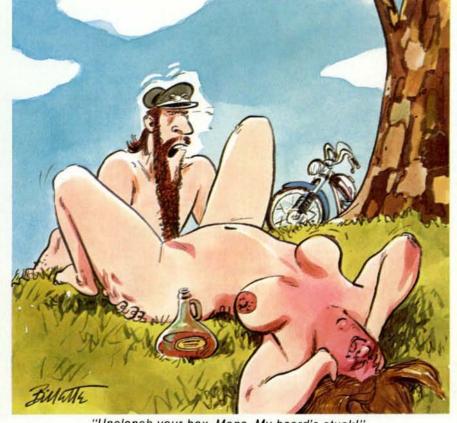
The Project was started with a \$100,000 grant from the est foundation in 1977. Erhard himself sits on the Project's board of directors, many of its leaders have undergone est training, and est further funded the Project with a nointerest loan.

The Hunger Project gives out no food aid. Instead, it tries to make people aware of the world-hunger problem, chiefly by means of publicity. "There's a growing international agreement that the world has the resources, the technology, the know-how, the money-everything it takes to end hunger, except the will," explains spokesman Allan Henderson. "What the Project is about is increasing the commitment to end hunger."

Critics of The Hunger Project say its efforts are at best ineffective. At worst, they charge, the Project diverts money and attention from other, more "serious" antihunger organizations, and may be putting donations into Werner Erhard's pockets.

While the Project offers no policy for ending hunger, others have policies aplenty. Most important among these was the Presidential Commission on World Hunger. Created by President Jimmy Carter in 1978, the commission consisted of congressmen, experts on nutrition and agriculture, educators and several celebrities.

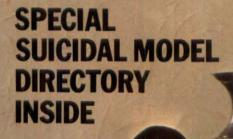
The commission presented its report to Carter in 1980. The U.S. Department of Agriculture's Daniel E. Shaughnessy, the panel's executive director, recommended that a significant step toward (continued on page 54)



"Unclench your box, Mona. My beard's stuck!"

SWINGERS ADS FROM THE CRIMINALLY DANGEROUS

HOT PHOTOS OF MASS MURDERERS WHO WANT TO MEET YOU!

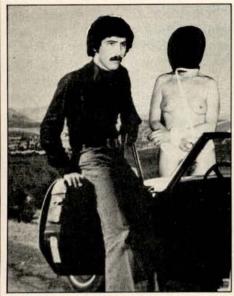




ANY ATTEMPT AT HUMOR IS PURELY ON PURPOSE

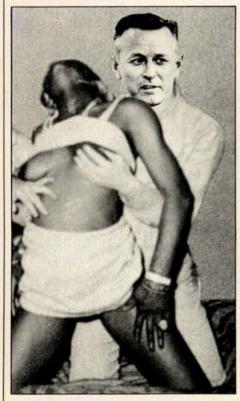
DANGER

THIS ISSUE: SWITCHE WITH THE YAR



LADY KILLER

male, very straight, with enough manhood to choke you, seeks attractive females 18-26 for fun in Hollywood Hills. Prepare to be smothered with attention. I'm into pain, but it won't hurt for long. Have cousin for threesomes. Reply to Kenny Bianchi, a/k/a the "Hillside Strangler," Los Angeles, California.



DISCRIMINATING WHITE MALE

I have a dream too ... and there are black women in it. If you've been climbing all the mountains but you're still looking for a peak, try this graying Southern gentleman. I want to shoot it deep into your dark meat. James Earl Ray, Memphis, Tennessee.

RED-HOT SWINGERS

International swingers group is looking for high-ranking American military officials into bondage and discipline. Other capitalist and imperialist leaders may apply. Lots of free time a must. Applicants write to Red Brigade, Rome, Italy.



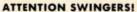
ELDERLY ARGENTINEAN

looking for blue-eyed blondes of Nordic descent. Into showers (not necessarily golden), crowds and Jew-baiting. I only like one position--me on top. Write or send photos to Adolfo Hitlerone, a/k/a Der Fuehrer, Buenos Aires, Argentina.



LET'S PLAY NURSE!

I'll even come to your house! Chicago boy seeks eight young women with uniforms to play Terminal Ward. But you have to play nice, or I'll lose my patients! Send SASE and copy of RN license to Richard Speck, Chicago, Illinois.



Turn an ordinary murder-orgy into a night no one will forget with Glo-In-The-Dark TortureWare by Slashco. Chains, ropes, handcuffs -- and they glow in the dark! Can't remember where you stashed those corpses? Just wait until dark, and presto! Order blank on page 35.



JUST A CLOWN

Short, stocky, homely man looking for young boys to act as insulation in my Chicago-suburb home. Plenty of space from attic to cellar. Don't tell Mom or Dad--it's a surprise. Write to John Wayne Gacy, Norwood Park, Illinois.

ASTROLOGY FREAK

What's your sign? I'm heavy into asstrology, and I'd like to get into yours. But I warn you--I'm not an easy catch! Love letter-writing; so let's correspond. Send your address and photo to Zodiac Killer, San Francisco, California.



NEED FOSTER HOME

Won't some budding young starlet who hates Reagan take me in and fuck me? I'm real horny, but my regular girl is a snotty Yale bitch who won't even return my calls. I'd kill for a date with Brooke or Tatum. Won't one of you write? John Hinckley, Washington, D.C.

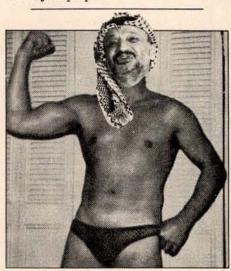
VAN-TASTIC GUY

Most of the people I pick up turn out to be deadbeats. If you're looking for a guy who likes life in the fast lane, I'm the one. William Bonin, a/k/a the "Freeway Killer," Los Angeles, California.



ON A LOVE DIET

I can't stop eating since I lost my lover. Need someone new to keep my mouth busy. I'm into binging, deep-frying and Cool Whip S&M. No Stillman Watersports freaks, please. Also no doctors or young women. You might say I'm the jealous type. Send 12" X 8" photos to Jean Harris, Purchase, New York. I'm into a wide variety of people.



HORNY ARAB

How about taking a terrorist up your behind? I'm looking for a little piece of ass my people can call home. Camels will be considered, but not Israelis. Yasir Arafat, Anywhere There's Trouble, Middle East.



NO PIGGIES!

Gals tell me I fuck like a crazy man. No shit! I am a crazy man! You'd better let me swap with your wife, or I'll send some of my family for an unpleasant visit. Just ask Polanski. All responses to "Goodtime" Charlie Manson, Vacaville, California.

A BRAND-NEW BAG

Designer trash bags from Goredache. If she's got that look you want to dismember, put her in Goredache--or nothing at all.

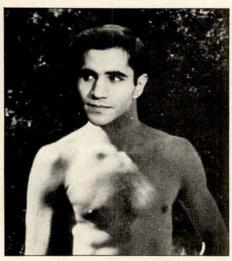


TAKE AIM

Hey, stud--are you a better shot than I am? I may have missed a President, but I wouldn't miss an opportunity to sack with any godlike guy who wants to kill Frank Sinatra. Are you the kind of lunatic I'm looking for? If so, write Squeaky Fromme in Sacramento, California. Good family background a must.

LONELY MUSLIM

81-year-old head of Iran seeks pen pals. Phone sex okay too. No collect calls. Ayatollah Khomeini, Qom, Iran.



OKAY NOW

For years I thought a Lebanese was a woman who liked other women; so I was ashamed. After blowing away Robert Kennedy, I found out Lebanese is a nationality, and now I can have sex again as a man. Wanna see? Send letters to Sirhan Sirhan, Los Angeles, California.



SON OF A GUN

Male, Caucasian, adopted. Interested only in affairs from a distance. Too shy to meet, but you can be sure I'll have my sights set on you. No dogs, especially talking ones. Write soon; my head hurts. David Berkowitz, a/k/a Son of Sam, New York, New York.

(continued from page 50)

ending hunger would be for the United States to "recognize that assisting countries with agricultural development is really a form of security. We tend to think of security only in terms of military alliances. We need to broaden our definition of national and international security considerably. A world situation characterized by countries that don't have enough to eat is a dangerous world. That's one of the things the commission is trying to get across, and it's something the public must understand."

Richard J. Barnet, a director of Washington's Institute for Policy Studies, calls hunger the "hidden holocaust" of our time. "There are more and more hungry, desperate people in the world who know they are going to die anyway, who are going to take extreme, destructive actions," he cautions. "They are not going to stay quiet, whether we think they're crazy or not."

Barnet and others see the millions of starving people on Earth as "a threat to the world's political stability." That's fancy talk for "What if all those hungry people get together and decide to take some food?" Is such an eventuality possible? We know that even a country as poor as India has found enough money

to build an atomic bomb. Could impoverished Bangladesh do the same? It's a frightening prospect.

Besides changing our thinking on hunger as a security issue, there are other steps nations can take to help solve their most pressing concern:

1. Create a global "food bank." The Presidential Commission recommended the creation of a world food reserve. As yet, this has not been done. But Frederick Weibgen, a liaison officer with the United Nations Food and Agriculture Organization (FAO), reports that his . agency has asked the International Monetary Fund (IMF) "to allow developing countries to draw funds for extraordinary food needs. The IMF okayed this, and now they can so draw. This is no longer a proposal; it's a policy.'

Ironically, each week, the U.S. Department of Agriculture deposits 45 million pounds of unwanted butter, cheese and nonfat milk into 330 refrigerated warehouses and storage facilities around the country. That hoard of food, which now totals 800,000 tons, is the result of the federal government's 32-year-old dairy-price-support program. Some say these food items could be put to a much better-and more humanitarian-use helping to feed the world's neediest hunger cases. (A step in the right direction was President Reagan's decision last December to distribute 30 million pounds of surplus cheese to needy Americans.)

2. Increase contributions to emergencyrelief organizations. There are dozens of groups-such as CARE, Catholic Relief Services, World Vision International, Oxfam-America, the U.S. Committee for UNICEF, and Lutheran World Relief-that send food aid to hungry people around the world. They'll all be happy to accept donations.

In addition, the FAO is the world's major government-to-government relief organization. It was the FAO that took charge of the massive effort to save Cambodia (Kampuchea) in 1979-80, after dictator Pol Pot had left millions dead and the country starving.

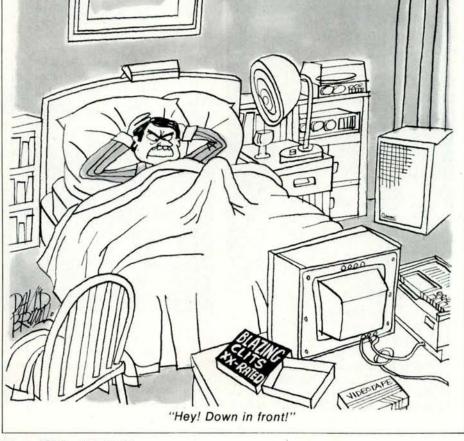
"The FAO," Frederick Weibgen recalls, "was entrusted with carrying out a major agricultural-rehabilitation program. We were responsible for tens of millions of dollars, extensive programs and extensive consultations. In 12 to 15 months the country was [miraculously] brought back from the brink of starvation, and the food base was restored."

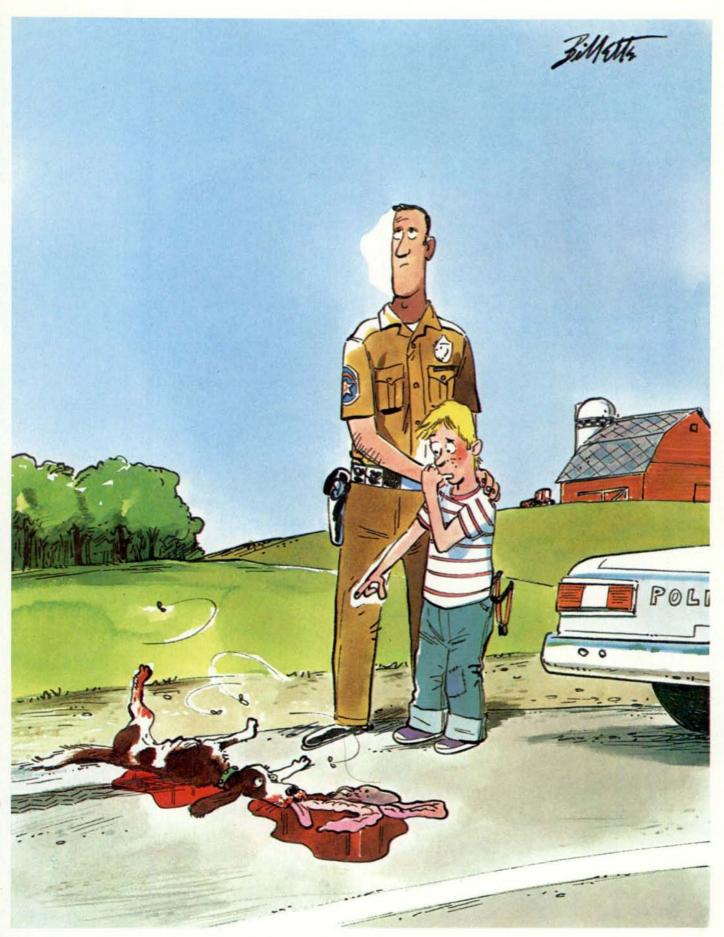
3. Distribute land more fairly. In their book Food First, Joseph Collins and Frances Lappé call for "a redistribution of control over food-producing resources" as "the solution to hunger." Collins and Lappé seem to prefer the kind of land redistribution that follows a socialist revolution-whereby property is taken from the rich by force and given to the poor (or, more often, the state).

The authors miss two important points. First, socialist land reforms have not always been successful. Remember Cambodia? It was a rich country before the Communist Khmer Rouge took over. Now only the world's charity stands between the Kampucheans and starvation. Even Cuba, the USSR's model satellite in our own hemisphere, produces less wealth per person than it did before Castro took over in 1959. And we have no way of knowing how Cuba's regime is really doing, since a good part of that country's economic strength is bolstered by Soviet aid.

Second, those who own vast amounts of land usually aren't anxious to give it away. Meanwhile, lots of people will continue to go hungry.

Calling for "a redistribution of foodproducing resources" as the solution to hunger clearly is simpleminded. But such a redistribution should be part of the solution. The United States can encourage countries receiving American aid to deal more fairly with their own citizens. However, this is one area in which the world's poor nations will have to confront their own problems. National leaders who are unwilling to respond





"That can't be my dog, Officer. Barky doesn't have guts coming out of his mouth."



ED TUBNE BOUTH OF THE SOUTH

The tall, athletic-looking figure stood behind the lectern, addressing nearly 5,000 delegates attending the Direct Mail Marketing Association convention last November in Atlanta, Georgia. "The problem with MX missiles is that they have to be mobile," he declared, speaking with a disarming Southern drawl. "But the trucks that they are going to use to move these missiles around are going to cost us a half-trillion dollars.... We have 7% of our people unemployed. A whole lot of them are young, black and not real smart. So instead of welfare... we [should] build some little trailers and tie some big ropes to them and... pay the unemployed to pull these trailers around. It'll look like the Egyptians building the pyramids."

The audience sat in stunned silence. Numerous black leaders complained bitterly of racial stereotyping. Robert Edward "Ted" Turner III, the multimillionaire television-and-sports executive who uttered the words in question, eventually offered an apology, and the furor died down.

Such controversy was nothing new for the 43-yearold owner of two cable-TV enterprises and a pair of professional athletic teams, baseball's Atlanta Braves and basketball's Atlanta Hawks. His countless outspoken public remarks have earned him a welldeserved nickname: "Mouth of the South."

Just a month later, addressing the League of California Cities in Anaheim, California, Turner struck again. "World population is a *real* problem," he told the gathering. "But do you ever see anyone talking about it on the three networks? Illegal immigration is so out of hand, California and Texas are going back to Mexico by right of possession. I don't know how you keep [Mexicans] out. They're breeding like flies down there."

Former CBS-TV President Robert Wussler, now a high-ranking executive with the Turner Broadcasting System, squirmed in his chair.

For years, Turner has been making friends and foes in the television business feel uncomfortable. He's hit hard at what he considers to be the glaring deficiencies in commercial TV's news and entertainment offerings.

"The worst enemies this nation has ever had—worse than the Nazis—are alive and running the three television networks," he maintains. "Television is like cigarettes. Fifty years ago Camel advertised cigarettes were good for you. Now we know smoking is poison. We're still learning about television. What we're learning is, it's bad for you. The great majority of network programming is damaging to all the things we in this nation have stood for and hold dear in our hearts."

To see Ted Turner in action at a press conference is something like watching a stand-up comic do 20 minutes of his best material. During one recent outing he was busy trashing the "nitworks" for their "second-rate horseshit" programming of shows like Dallas and The Dukes of Hazzard. Another time, explaining his pioneering move into around-the-clock news programming, he told reporters: "The early bird catches the worm. The late bird gets what's left of the worm after it's passed through the other bird." The audience roared.

The amazing quality about Turner is his ability to succeed in areas where he has little or no experience. His career as a video magnate began almost by accident. "I bought Channel 17 [now WTBS-TV] when it was nearly bankrupt back in 1979, because the programming on the networks wasn't all that good," he says. "They weren't showing many old movies any-

Profile by Mark Zussman

more, and those were my favorites." (Channel 17, his cable superstation that broadcasts around the nation by innovative satellite technology, now owns a library of more than 3,000 classic films.)

To compete with the networks, Turner immediately assumed the role of maverick station manager—concentrating exclusively on escapist entertainment. Bringing back reruns of *Star Trek* helped ratings soar. So did a touch of comedy that Turner suggested be added to news broadcasts.

Anchorman Bill Tush was encouraged to toss lemon-meringue pies at his colleagues on-camera. Once, Tush introduced as his co-anchor a German shepherd wearing a shirt and tie. In the dog-eat-dog world of television news, Turner's innovations were a refreshing change of pace that paid big dividends. WTBS-TV's average number of viewers increased from 24,000 locally to more than 18 million nationwide.

Two years ago, when he launched the Cable News Network—a service providing in-depth news coverage at any minute of the day or night to 10 million more subscribers—Turner again admitted his ignorance. "Can I tell you how many hours of TV news I watched in my whole life before I started my own network?" he asked rhetorically. "Fifty hours, maybe 100 hours."

Inexperience didn't stop him from plowing ahead and calling the shots on every aspect of the operation. When advisers suggested that Turner lease equipment in case the venture failed, he disregarded their counsel—borrowing \$10 million to buy the very latest hardware for his newsroom. Then, through loans and mortgages, he added another \$30 million to help get the project off the ground.

One of Turner's first moves was designed to give his fledgling outfit networklike credibility. To be CNN's senior correspondent he hired Daniel Schorr—the respected CBS newsman who had the courage to leak confidential CIA Watergate files to the Village Voice.

"I'm betting my reputation," Schorr joked at the time.

"That's all right," Turner replied.
"I'm betting \$100 million."

The nerve center of the Turner Broadcasting System is reminiscent of a Deep South plantation. On a neatly manicured 22-acre lawn sits a white, two-story Georgian mansion. Inside, from the mammoth state-of-the-art newsroom, visitors can see the six dish antennas that bring cable subscribers continuous news reports via satellite from bureaus in a dozen foreign nations.

Pacing around a massive mahogany

desk in his upstairs office, Turner wears a dark pin-striped suit and a look of resolve. He chews tobacco and occasionally spits juice into a pair of brass spittoons. With his narrow Clark Gable mustache, his winning smile and dimpled chin, he could easily pass for a Confederate cavalry officer. His no-nonsense image is best expressed by the sign dominating his desk: "Either lead, follow, or get out of the way."

Yet despite his estimated \$100 million fortune and his reputation for investing huge amounts of money in highly speculative ventures, Turner takes pride in his frugal lifestyle. He commutes to work from his modest suburban home in a gray Toyota. He rarely uses air conditioning in his car or office, insisting he'd rather be a little uncomfortable than waste energy. He shines his own shoes, and cuts his own hair with a razor-comb device. He flies coach while his athletic teams travel first-class.

Turner probably works as hard as—if not harder than—any of his top executives, continually speechmaking from coast to coast to convey his unique ideas about television programming. His own company's best spokesman, he is arrogant and witty, a hard-drinking good ol' boy with a sharp eye for attractive women. His reputation for womanizing, however, is one of the few areas he refuses to discuss.

Turner once was quoted as saying his idea of a good time would be to set loose 500 naked women on his 5,200-acre South Carolina plantation and hunt them down. He now denies ever having said this. But he does admit to having shown up in more than one harbor with a bare-breasted French blonde in the galley of his yacht. And an Atlanta Brave publicly accused him of making a pass at the ballplayer's wife.

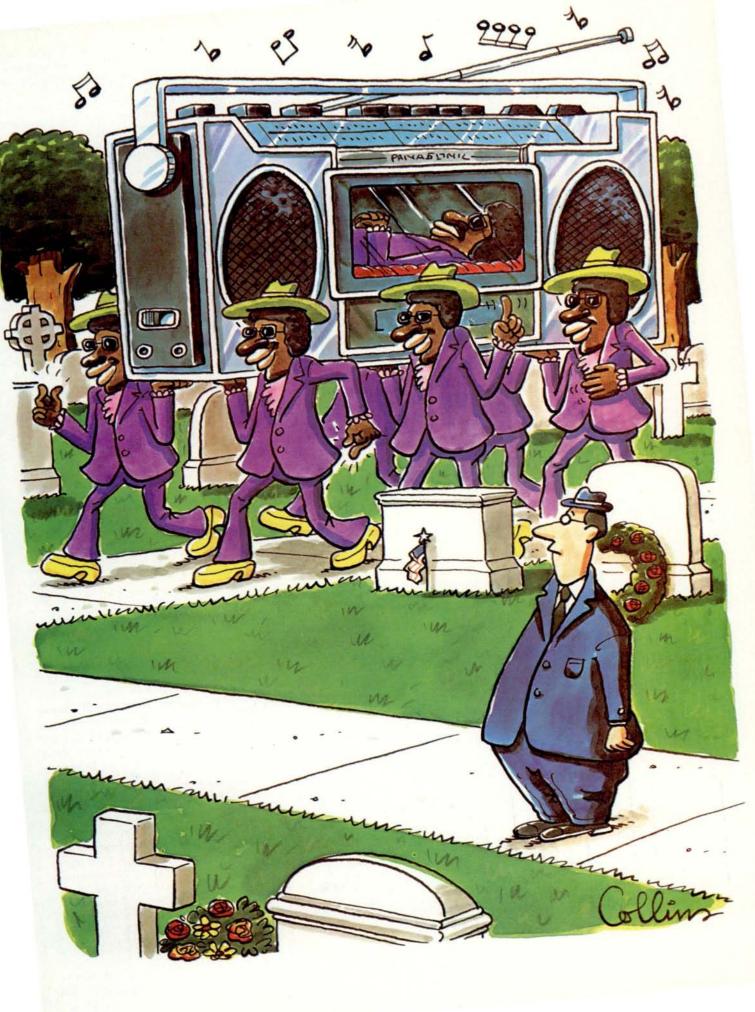
"Most men—and a lot of women play around," Turner admits. "It's okay if it doesn't hurt anyone."

Publicly, at least, the playboy image is one he's resolutely trying to erase. He has five children from two marriages, and claims he's got a good, solid relationship with his second wife, Janie, a former airline stewardess.

Janie Turner worries more about her husband's being so consumed with business that he's liable to end up like his father—a suicide. Disappointed in love at age 17, Ted once wrote a suicide note and stood poised to jump from the ledge of a Chattanooga, Tennessee, hotel.)

A key to understanding what makes Turner tick is knowing about his disciplinarian father, Ed Turner, who grew up on his father's Mississippi cotton farm and knew real poverty during the Depression. For an 11th birthday gift,





he gave Ted a small Penguin sailboat. Since there was nobody to teach him how to sail it, he had to learn on his own. The youngster turned the boat over so often that friends dubbed him "The Capsize Kid."

When Ted was only 12 years old, he was working a 40-hour week trimming grass and preparing poles for the family's successful billboard-advertising business. One summer he complained vigorously about being charged half of his \$40-a-week salary for room and board. His father told him that if he didn't like that arrangement, he could look elsewhere for cheaper lodging.

To instill discipline, Ed Turner sent young Ted to a series of tough military academies and prep schools. Defiantly, the lad let birds loose in class and rigged alarm clocks to ring in study halls. But he eventually graduated from the Mc-Callie School in Chattanooga (as class debating champ) and enrolled at Brown University in Rhode Island. His father offered him \$5,000 if he could stay away from liquor until his 21st birthday—a proposal he declined.

At Brown, much to his father's distress, he decided to major in the Greek classics. "With whom will you communicate in Greek?" the elder Turner wrote. "I think you are rapidly becoming a jackass."

Their dispute ended when Turner was expelled from the university after being caught with a girl in his room.

Several years later his father overextended himself and sold his billboard business to help cover debts. His mood was not improved by a worsening case of emphysema caused by heavy cigarette smoking. In 1963, following a hearty breakfast, Ed Turner put a bullet through his head.

The tragedy seemed to galvanize Ted Turner, who was then only 24. He bought back Turner Outdoor Advertising and turned it into a notable success. "We doubled our profits at a time when the industry went down 16%," Turner proudly recalls. "After about four years in the business I could have retired."

Financial security permitted him to indulge in the dangerous sport of sail-boat racing, a pastime Turner had determinedly mastered since his embarrassing childhood pratfalls. More than 200 glittering trophies decorating his office attest to his ability.

In 1977, piloting the yacht Courageous, he reached the pinnacle of his career—winning the coveted America's Cup by soundly trouncing the Australian entry. While his opponents relied on sophisticated wind-direction sensors, optical decoders and onboard computers to formulate tactics, Turner's pri-

mary scientific aid was a small handheld calculator. His secret, if any, was to push his crew beyond the limits of their capabilities.

"He's an asshole, but not your usual run-of-the-mill boring asshole," a *Courageous* crewman said after the race. "He is a glorious, totally mad, larger-than-life asshole, and besides that, he has class."

Turner lay waste to the last portion of that analysis at the post-victory press conference held under the auspices of the New York Yacht Club—the exclusive organization that had once rejected his application for membership.

As the proceedings began, Turner had already consumed substantial quantities of beer before switching to Aquavit. All attempts to maintain decorum vanished when Turner fell with a thud beneath the speaker's table. Struggling to his feet, he took a gulp of the potent Swedish liqueur directly from the bottle and began rubbing some of the liquid on the bald head of the flustered yacht-club spokesman addressing the gathering.

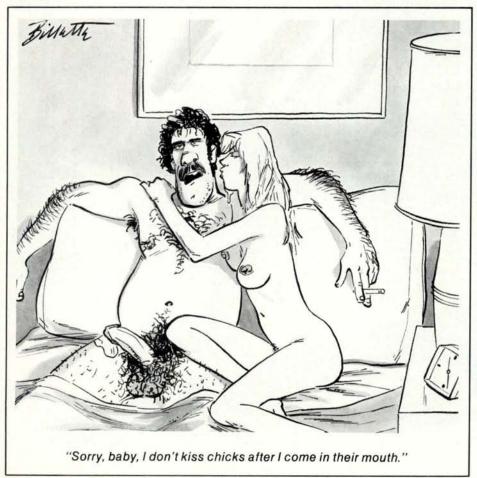
Two years later, Turner entered his own yacht, the *Tenacious*, in the Fastnet race—a grueling four-day, 605-mile trek from Cowes, England, to the Irish coastline and back. The vessel's designation symbolized its owner's personality. On the second day, 306 competitors ran into a tremendous storm. Waves reached 40-foot heights, and winds hit 75 miles per hour. When it was over, 30 boats were sunk or wrecked; 18 men had drowned. Turner won the race, partly because he was lucky enough to be leading most of the way and missed the brunt of the weather.

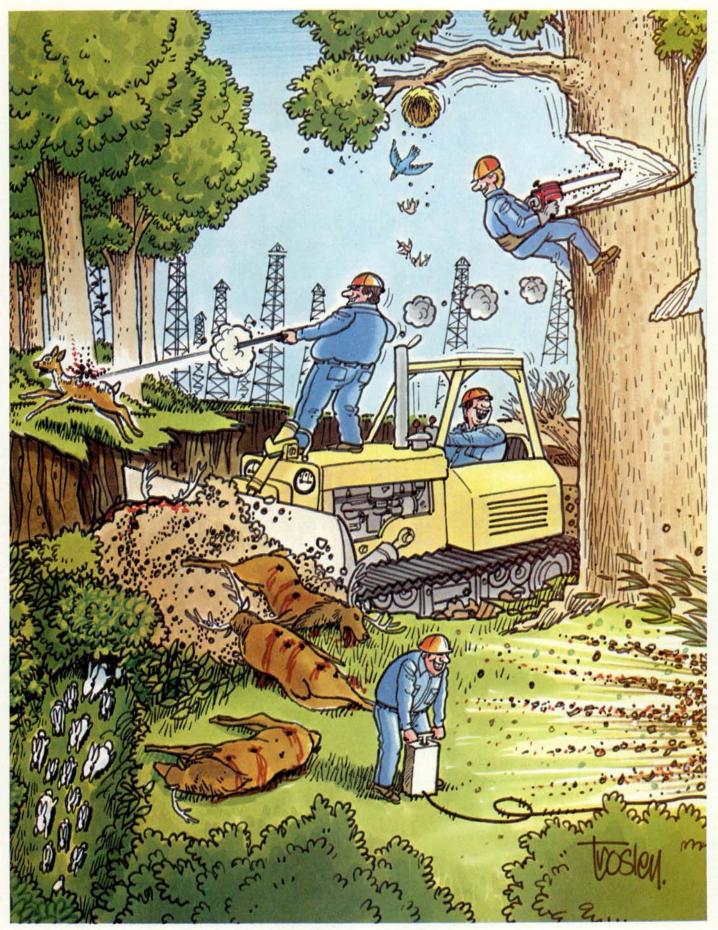
"A lot of people would have been scared, but I wasn't," he noted with typical candor. "The whole point of ocean racing is to show who's the toughest."

While periodically indulging his yachting fantasies, Turner still kept a close eye on potential investments. It surprised several analysts when he committed \$9.5 million for two of the worst professional-sports franchises in memory. The Atlanta Hawks and Atlanta Braves were both losing propositions. And at the time, ironically, Turner knew absolutely nothing about basketball or baseball. But he was intrigued by the challenge of turning losers into winners.

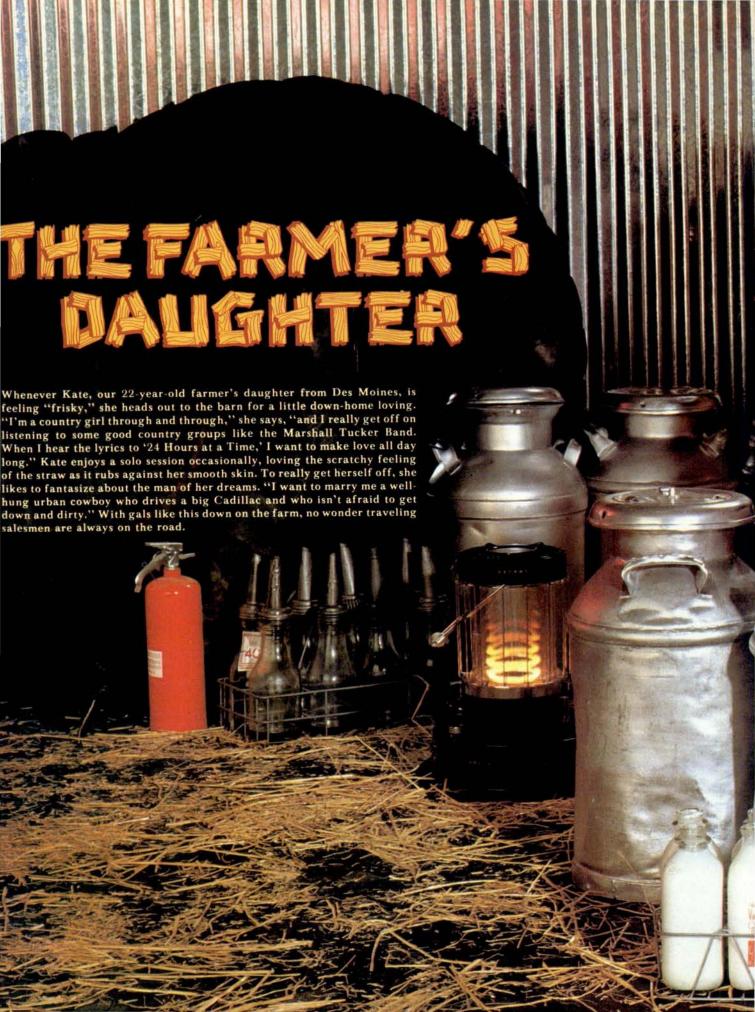
He bought the Hawks for \$500,000 in 1977. "It was like taking over the Confederate Army on the steps of Appomattox Court House," Turner says, referring to the final moments of the American Civil War. The last-place Braves, acquired a year earlier, cost him \$9 million.

"You really want to know why I (continued on page 108)





"Finally! An administration that understands progress!"



















he Englishman in a New Delhi hospital was bandaged from head to foot, and a friend asked him what happened. "I wish I knew," he moaned. "I was out in the jungle when I saw a deadly black-and-yellow ring snake with its head concealed in some brush. I grabbed it by the tail with my left hand and encircled it firmly in my right with my thumb pointing toward the head. Then I ran my right hand up the serpent's body as hard and fast as I could while holding on tightly with my left. This

should render a ring snake harmless."
"It didn't work?" the friend asked.

"I don't know," the Englishman groaned. "I somehow found myself with my thumb up the ass of the biggest fucking tiger I've ever seen!"

President Reagan's staff has presented him with a

plan that would create 500 new jobs for blacks. They want to expand the National Basketball Association to 60 teams.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines pimp as: a fornicaterer.

A Polack walked into a tavern, but before he could order a drink, a waitress yelled to the bartender, "Gimme a W&W, Charlie!"

"What the hell's a W&W?" the Polack asked the bartender.

"Oh, that's a whiskey and water," he replied.

Another waitress approached the bar and said, "Charlie, gimme a B&C!"

"What's that?" the Polack asked.

"A bourbon and Coke," the barkeep informed him.

"In that case, I'd like a 15 please," the Polack beamed.

"A 15?" the bartender inquired. "What's a 15?!"
"You know," the Polack explained. "A 7&7!"

Question: What do you call a reporter's sperm? Answer: Journaljism.

Having surprised her husband in the act of cheating on her with the hired girl, the country housewife left the bedroom but then came right back with a 12gauge shotgun. Aiming the weapon at the balls of her spouse, cowering stark naked in a corner, the woman announced coldly, "I'm going to turn a bull into a steer!"

"No, no!" her husband pleaded, "not like this! Let me have some sort of sportin' chance!"

"All right," the wife agreed, clenching her teeth. "You can start swingin' 'em!"

The minister and the pretty young Sunday-school teacher came stumbling out of the bushes after a passionate fuck. "I'm sorry, Miss Jones," the minister apologized. "I don't know what came over me. If this leaks out, I'll be ruined!"

As the teacher ran her hand through her damp crotch, she muttered, "Pastor, if this *doesn't* leak out, *I'll* be ruined!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines marijuana as: nature's way of saying "High."

Question: Why is the Moral Majority like a tampon? Answer: Because it's uptight and outasight.

While sports fishing off the Florida coast, a tourist capsized his boat. He could swim, but his fear of al-

ligators kept him clinging to the overturned craft. Spotting an old beachcomber standing on shore, the tourist shouted, "Are there any gators around here?!"

"Naw," the man hollered back, "they ain't been around for years!"

Feeling safe, the tourist started swimming leisurely toward shore. About halfway there he asked the guy, "How'd you get rid of the gators?"

"We didn't do nothin'," the beachcomber said. "The sharks got 'em."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *rib tickler* as: a vibrator shoved in too far.

A gambler was telling a friend about his first junket to Las Vegas and how hard it was to get any sleep. "I was awakened at one, two and four in the morning by a drunk chorus girl banging on

the door and screaming," he recalled.

"That's terrible," the friend said. "How'd you ever get any sleep?"

"At five o'clock I finally unlocked the door and let her out," the gambler laughed.

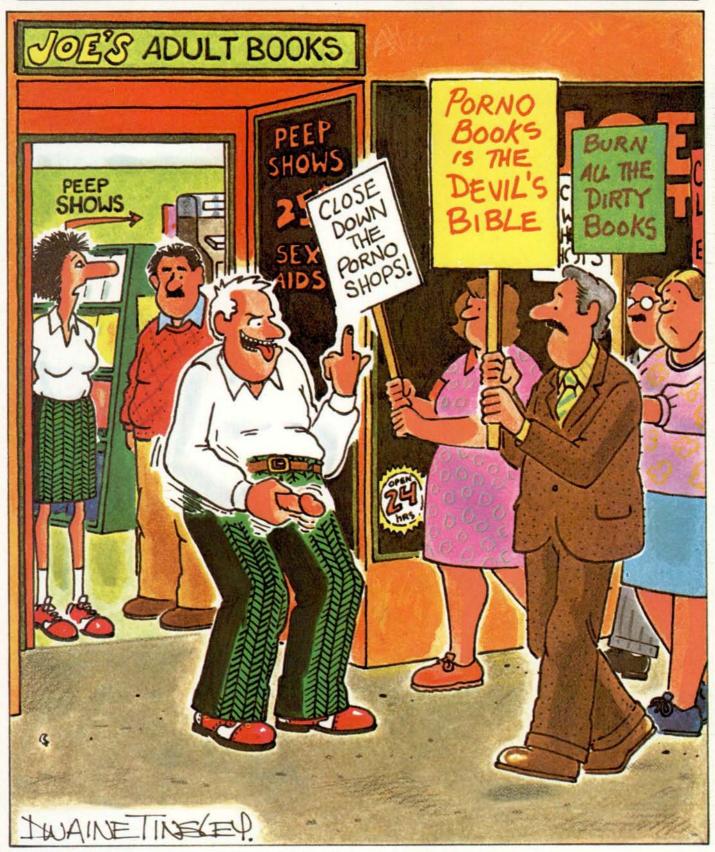
Two ferocious cannibal chiefs sat licking their fingers after a large meal. "Your wife makes a delicious roast," one chief exclaimed.

"Thanks," his friend said. "I'm gonna miss her."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3"X5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you \$50. Sorry, but we cannot return submissions.



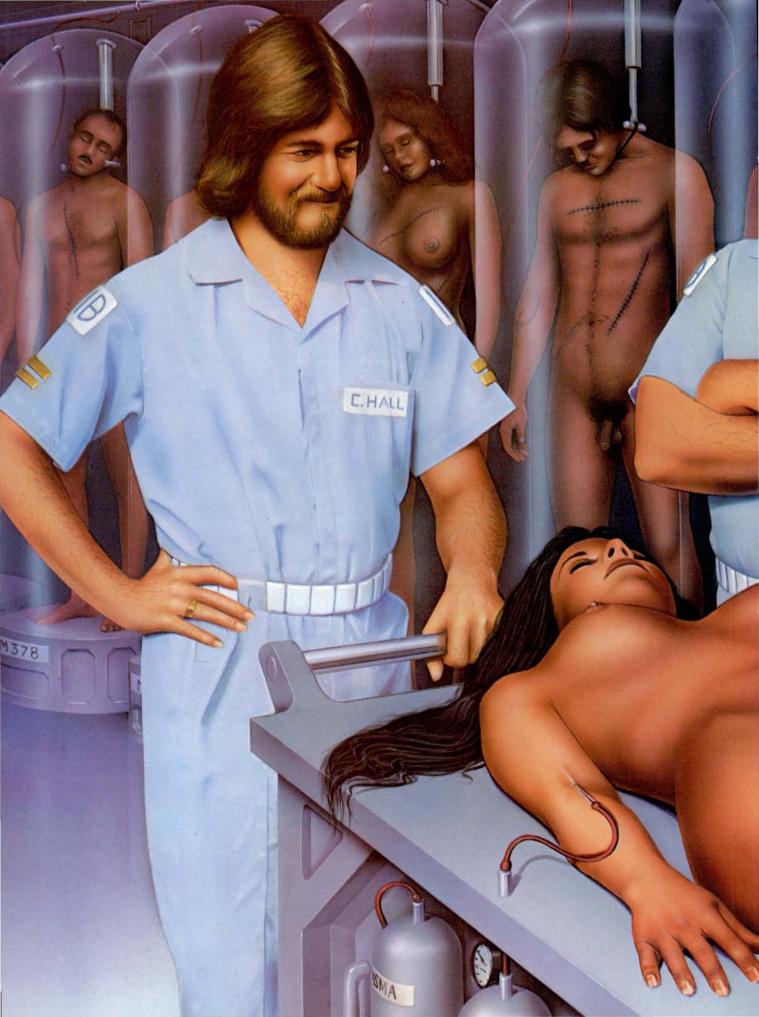
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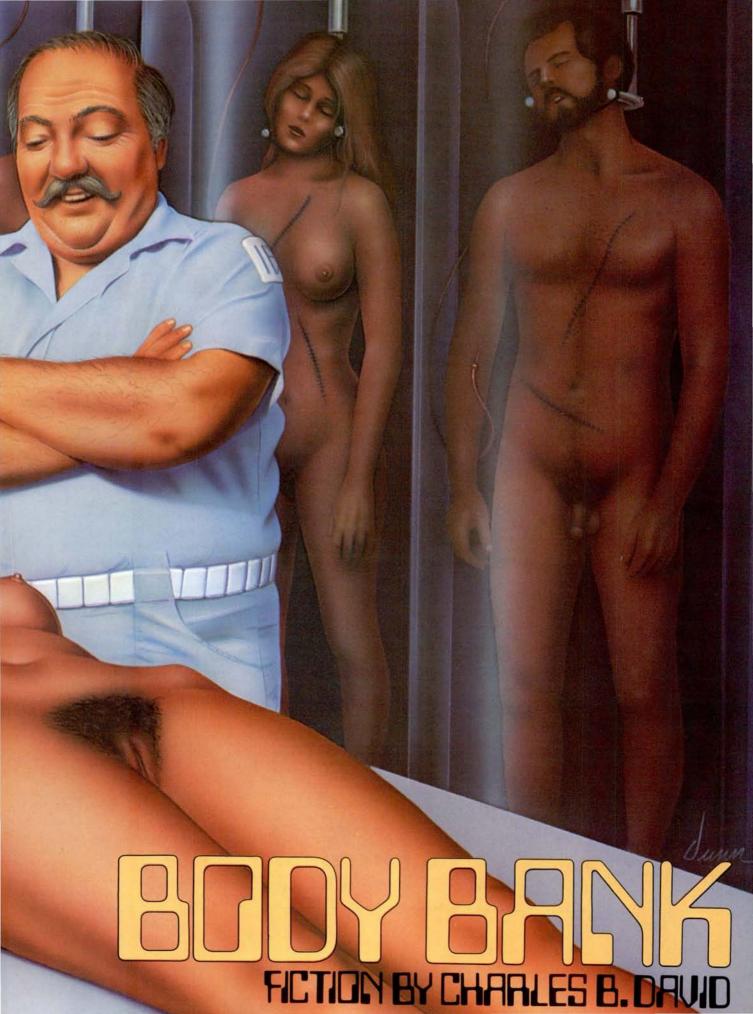


"What you see here is a classic example of freedom of expression."



Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker





he shaking hadn't lasted long. It had been of low intensity, indicating only minor volcanic activity. On a moon like Io, suspended in space 252,000 miles from the planet Jupiter, the incident was barely worth a mention to anyone but Chief Medical Officer Chase Hall. Since it was his misfortune to run Io's Body Bank, even a minor eruption was likely to mean work.

Just 18 months earlier, Hall had enlisted for a tour of duty with the Deep Space Division of the Blazzon Corporation. Having recently completed his hospital internship, he calculated that the incredibly high income would be all he'd need to pay off his university debts and set himself up in a comfortable practice once he returned to Earth.

At the time, three years had seemed like a fair trade for 50,000 Blazzon credits. But now, 465 million miles away from home, living in the high-density steel-and-plastic industrial complex designated Io Blazzon, Hall realized he had signed up for a three-year tour of hell.

He was one of 2,000 people compressed into an enclosed factory—roughly the size of Houston's Astrodome—that provided the only protection from the icy vacuum of space. Above them, dominating the horizon wherever one looked, loomed the gaseous giant Jupiter, its bleak red eye staring down ominously at humanity's

fragile effort to master the solar system.

Only during the latter years of the 21st century had major Earth corporations like Blazzon achieved a delicate toehold on the moons of Jupiter. But immense profits—from mining the riches of the satellites and capturing Jupiter's natural gases—assured the continued expansion of industry in space. The risk to human life hardly mattered to energy-starved Earth, or to the corporations that benefitted.

Chase Hall soon felt a second tremor, an aftershock. He waited for it to fully subside before he looked up at the girl with whom he had just made love. She was still partially nude.

"Did you feel the ground move?" Hall quipped.

Lauri Banner ignored the lame attempt at humor, struggling into her jumpsuit in the cramped quarters that were standard for lab assistants. "I felt it enough to know you'll be on call," she answered dryly, her attention already on other matters.

No doubt there will be some casualties, he thought. There always were, no matter how mild the convulsions. And if any of the bodies were still usable, they would wind up in the Body Bank—a frigid gray vault designed with practical precision to maximize use of space. Its walls were lined with cold-storage units in which human organs were kept

frozen. But the preference of 21st-century science was to keep the bodies of the dead intact and functioning on some limited level whenever feasible, thereby assuring a ready supply of fresh donors.

Attached to machines that kept pumping blood to feed tissues and organs, the clinically dead "lived" in a twilight zone, their naked bodies breathing through forced respiration. They were suspended just short of final oblivion. The sight of these bodies stacked vertically in neat little rows chilled Hall to his soul.

Hours later, the chief medical officer wheeled in the two latest volcanic-eruption victims. Actually, there had been five casualties, all of them caught in an eruption-related boiler explosion in the processing plant. But three of the men had been blown out onto the airless surface of Io, and decompression had been almost instantaneous. Even as they had gulped for nonexistent air, their bodies exploded, spewing human flesh over the cold, rocky ground of Jupiter's moon. That left nothing to salvage except perhaps their instantly frozen blood, which had hung like dust in the low gravity of Io before slowly settling onto the satellite's cracked surface.

Hall wasted no time hooking up his new arrivals. The sooner he finished, the sooner he could leave—unless a need should develop for a heart or lung that he would have to remove from his sleeping charges. Management's final triumph over labor, he thought.

"Hall! . . . Hall! . . . Hall!"

The sound of his name echoing in the chilled chamber of the Body Bank startled him.

"It's me—Shelton," said the young technician from the chemical complex, stepping out of shadows cast by steel support pillars. "Got a new batch of Moon Dust, if you're interested."

Moon Dust was the name given to a rather complex chemical substance that produced a nonaddictive high popular with the crews of all four major Jovian satellites. Anything to keep hell at bay.

"I'm interested," Hall grinned.

Besides Shelton, numerous lab technicians worked on the sly to produce illegal drugs and alcohol, despite the risk of forfeiting all pay and bonuses while finishing out the term of their enlistments. As a result, black-marketeering had taken hold on Io just as it had on the moons Ganymede, Europa and Callisto.

Entrepreneurs selling sought-after items aggressively competed with one another for portions of the enlistees' massive salaries. Agricultural experts offered unprocessed foodstuffs for the





"How do I know these are really Loni Anderson's hashmarks?!"

right price—even tobacco, if requested—and machinists produced deadly body disruptors. Weapons were prohibited in Io Blazzon and the other industrial facilities. But it paid to be armed when 2,000 men and women were jammed into a relatively small area.

To maintain order in such a volatile environment, company law was enforced with swift, tyrannical efficiency. Run with an iron fist by Chief of Security Julian Jaeckel, the Office of Industrial Investigation was the final arbiter of all matters transpiring beyond Blazzon's outpost on Mars. As the enforcement arm of the company, OII had power eclipsing that of any other branch, even the top bureaucrats nominally charged with running the Io complex. Considering their power, and humankind's universal fascination with corruption, it wasn't surprising that OII also took part in black-marketeeringmost notably controlling prostitution.

With a ratio of three men to one woman, sex was understandably the most-sought-after commodity on the four major moons. It was also the most expensive. Although Blazzon (and the other conglomerates involved in deepspace industry) did everything possible to enlist an adequate number of women, the harsh and dangerous life of the space frontier proved too foreboding a pros-

pect to attract any but the most hardbitten females. Of those who came, few were even remotely attractive, and none actually intended to work entirely within their job titles. Most charged a set price for sex, high for anywhere but outer space.

A few of the smarter ones—such as Lauri Banner—went for even more. By any standards, Lauri would have to be considered unique. Black rivulets of flowing hair framed dark eyes, full, sensuous lips, and the smooth skin of her delicate face. Her body, crafted to fulfill what Chase Hall called the biological prime, could take a man's breath away. Everything about her oozed sexuality, as if she could truly serve no better function than to please men and breed for them.

Lauri clearly saw herself as men saw her—a love goddess who gave pleasure to those strong enough to win her favor. In the most basic way, Lauri perceived herself as the prize, the mythic biological connection to the universe, a reward deserved only by the toughest and most cunning.

"Moon Dust?" Hall offered.

Sitting on the edge of his bunk, Lauri dipped her moistened finger into the sparkling contents of the little bowl resting between them. When enough of the

expensive powder had adhered to her finger, she brought it up to her lips and sucked on it provocatively as her eyes burned into those of Hall.

Despite their time together, he never became completely accustomed to her stunning beauty. Had it not been for ill chance and a rather complicated business deal with some rather nasty people back on Earth, a woman of her quality would never have appeared on Io.

"Haven't seen you for a while," Hall

said, somewhat testily.

"Well, you haven't been around for a while," Lauri teased. "Busy at the other complex grafting new kidneys for old, weren't you?"

It was true, Hall had been forced to visit their sister facility, Io Blazzon II, on the other side of the satellite. But Lauri's attitude was unnecessarily coy and her reasoning unforgivably phony.

"Bullshit! I've been back almost a week. I thought our agreement meant

something to you."

Lauri's eyes narrowed only slightly, but with telling effect. She knew the strength of her position. "You were also gone a week," she said. "You know what that means. I've explained everything to you before."

Damn, she's good at lying, Hall thought. I almost believe her. Hell, I believe her most

of the time.

He wanted to believe that of all the 1,562 men at Io Blazzon, it was him alone she really wanted. And Lauri made it easy for him to believe.

"Let's not argue," she said, leaning forward as she ran her fingers lightly up his thigh, letting them come to rest softly on his groin. "You'll just have to realize you'll never control me."

As he felt his cock stir quickly to life, Hall sensed that the truth of the situation mattered little. He had never met a woman able to excite him the way Lauri could; he'd do anything to keep her.

"I told you what I wanted you to do," she purred, gently unfastening his zipper. Hall watched helplessly as his cock popped out of his jumpsuit, firm and rigid. With women and sex, Hall knew reason need not apply.

"Did you do it?" Lauri persisted.

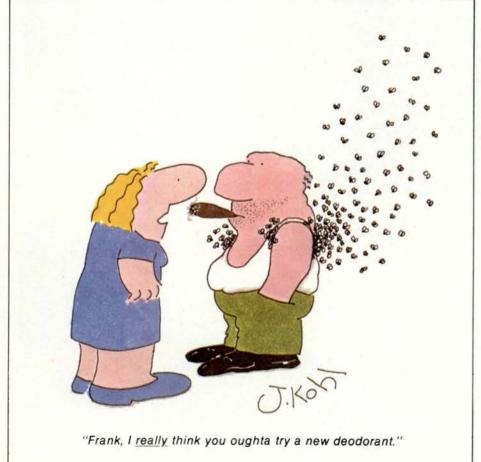
Hall couldn't answer. "I thought not."

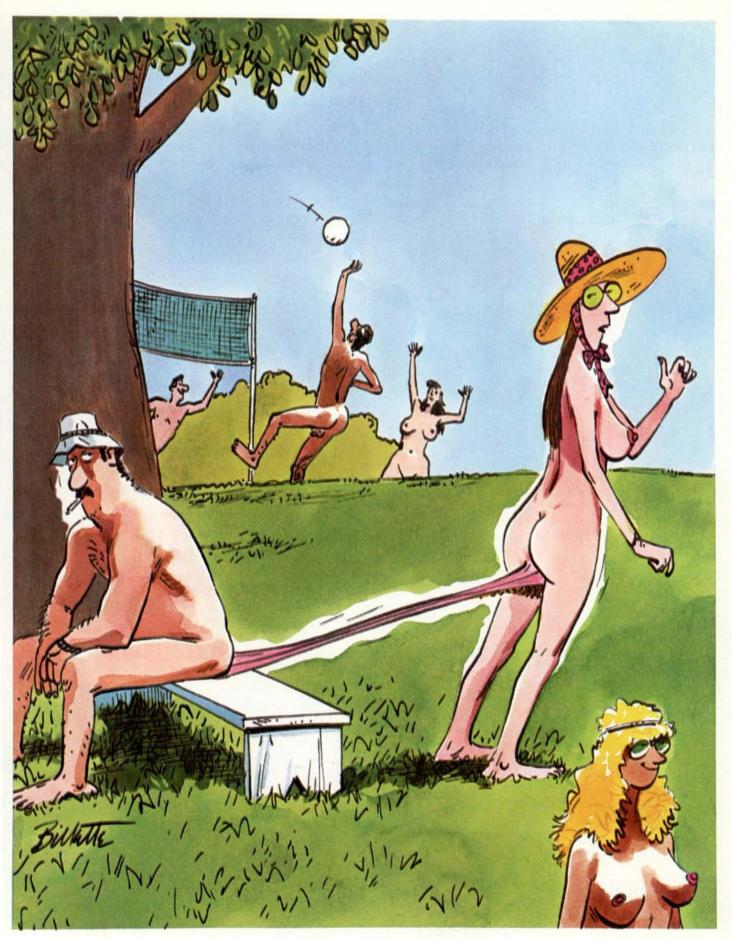
"I will. I haven't had time. Besides, I think I'm being watched. I see Jaeckel wherever I go."

She chuckled. "You're imagining it. I know the guy. He's a...client. Anyway, if you still want me exclusively, you'll have to show me you're worth it."

Lauri's eyes stared into his before letting her lips fall upon his jutting cock. As her cheeks collapsed like a clamp and

(continued on page 88)





"Pardon me, Robert, but you're sitting on my pussy lips."

















(continued from page 78)

the warmth of her mouth enveloped him, Hall surrendered to her, only vaguely aware of a sense of self-hatred.

It was a long-standing argument between the two of them. Lauri frankly admitted she was on Io to make money any way she could, enough to last the rest of her life. She wanted Hall—but only if he were man enough to take care of her, to give her the security she demanded.

The only way Hall could make enough money to satisfy Lauri was on the black market. But black-marketing spare body parts was filled with problems not present in other underground operations. For one thing, the controls were tighter. Someone couldn't slip a customer a spare kidney the way he could a gram of Moon Dust. The punishment was substantially rougher too—joining the other Body Bank corpses in cold storage. Not that Lauri had anything to lose, of course. It was Hall who would risk everything.

Now, as Lauri slid her lips firmly up and down the length of his throbbing cock, Hall knew he'd take the gamble. The greater risk was losing his best bedmate ever.

"You gonna do it?" Lauri asked, lifting her head up from his lap. Saliva dripped from her lips and chin almost artfully, as if a painter's brush had placed each dewy droplet.

"I promise," Hall whispered, grateful when her warm mouth returned to his genitals. Her head was now pumping up and down on his cock with animalistic vigor. He knew he was being rewarded for his answer. Her lips sucked on his aching balls, and her tongue caressed them.

Reflexively, Hall reached up and grabbed the girl by her long hair, taking control of her movements. Thrusting his groin upward, he pulled her head down—almost jamming the full length of his penis into her throat. Lauri did not complain.

"Let me sit on your cock," she said at last. Moving awkwardly in the limited confines of Hall's bunk bed, Lauri completely removed her jumpsuit, letting it fall to the floor. Then she pulled her young, firm body up and over Hall, straddling him as she lowered herself onto his stiff, glistening shaft.

Once again Hall could only marvel at the girl's figure. Had she been designed and pressed out of a liquid-plastic mold, she could not have been more exquisite. Her breasts, legs, ass—all of her seemed more the machined perfection of man than the haphazard selection of nature's genes.

Hall let out an involuntary whimper as her tight cunt engulfed him and held firm. Settled against his groin, her hair tumbling over her face, Lauri began undulating her hips—being careful not to break the seal between them. With a sense of erotic amazement, Hall listened to the squishing sound made by her agitated pussy.

"I'm gonna come," he impatiently gasped.

"No, not yet. Wait."

Without another word Lauri lifted herself off his reddened penis, grabbing it in her hand to choke off the possibility of orgasm. With a liquid grace that belied the cramped bunk space, she made a 180° turn, sitting back on his cock with her taut, lusciously rounded buttocks facing him. Her head slumped ecstatically down by one of his feet, and her tongue licked the crack between his big and second toes.

"Put your fingers in my asshole." She whined her command, and Hall obeyed, first letting his middle finger, then his index finger work themselves into the perfectly formed, tiny opening of her anus. Lauri sighed her approval, arching her back as she repeatedly slammed her wet pussy against Hall's pelvis. They were both on the verge of coming. But inevitably, Hall knew, it was Lauri who maintained control of the gift of orgasmic release. She was the love goddess showing her subject his basic biological connection to the universe. As they both came in fitful rhythms, screaming and moaning like they were possessed, Hall wondered dimly what sacrifice she expected him to make.

"The trouble with you is, you're not aggressive enough," Lauri declared.

They were sitting at a table in the company canteen. She had been ranting for 20 minutes, angered over Hall's recalcitrance.

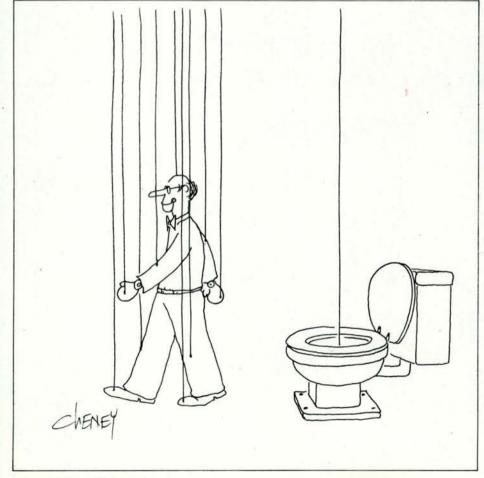
"You'll never amount to anything the way you are. You know what I told you about the kind of man I want—what he has to be able to do for me. If you want me, you'll have to work to get me."

"Look, I've just been busy," Hall lied.
"I told you I'm going to do the job."

"You've told me a hundred times, but I don't see it happening. Everything is set up for you. All you have to do is . . . do it!"

Hall avoided Lauri's stare, looking down into his empty plastic coffee cup. She was right. He had been making excuses because he was scared. But he certainly didn't want to admit that to Lauri. She despised weakness. Yet, Hall considered, any step he took now would be a move from weakness. She had him

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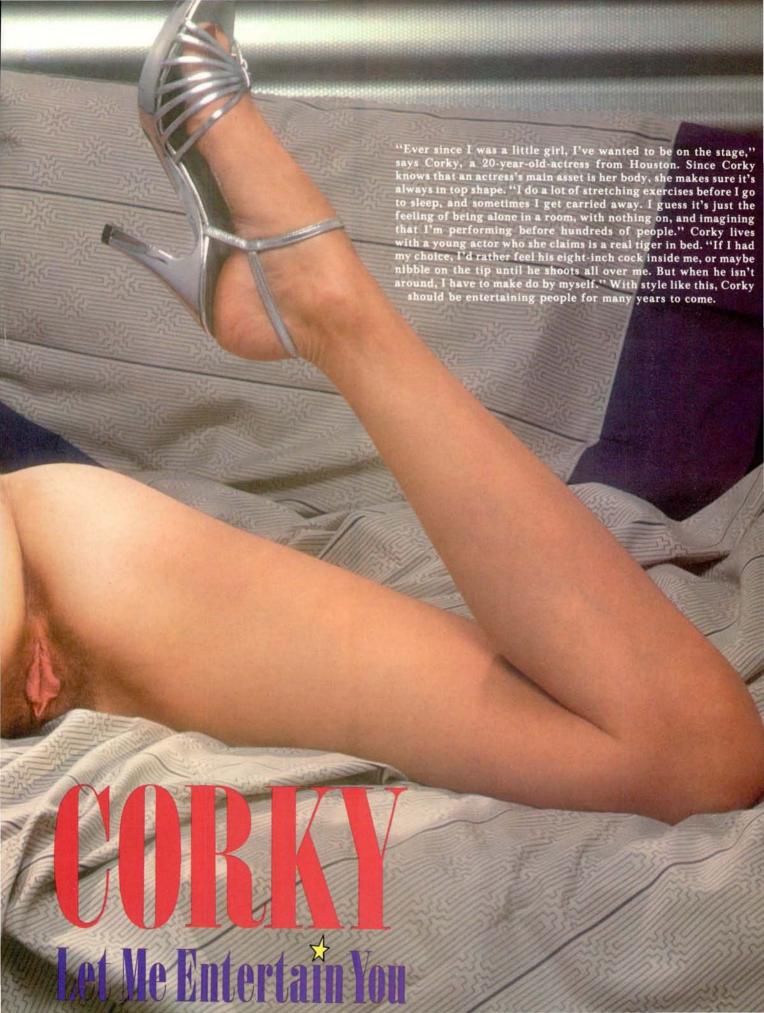


22



"Fall in!"

















(continued from page 88)

trapped. Or had he trapped himself?

"Look," Lauri said, interrupting his thoughts. "I've played this guy perfectly. His heart's a mess. He's going home soon, but it's not bad enough to affect his work. The company won't give him a new one unless his productivity is jeopardized—or unless he has a heart attack. Sure, he can have it fixed back on Earth, but it'll cost him all the money he's made these last three years. If you do it on the q.t., he'll give you half of what he's made. It's perfect for the both of you—and for us. What more do you want? Would I have done all this if I didn't really love you?"

"You're getting half of the money, aren't you?" Hall shot back. "Could that have something to do with it?" He knew the tactic had been a mistake.

Lauri jumped up from the table and leaned forward, just close enough to whisper: "Oh, yeah, buddy? Well, if it's only money, I can get a lot more of that from these horny moon monkeys than I'm getting from you. You want me to go out there and show you?"

Hall knew he was defenseless. "No, please," he said gently, restraining her from leaving the table. "You're right. I didn't mean what I said."

Hall let out a soft sigh as Lauri slowly sat back down. "Tell him I'll do it. I figured it all out. I'll give him something to simulate a heart attack, which of course will be my diagnosis. Tell him he'll get a new heart as soon as I get the money."

Lauri smiled. "You mean, as soon as you get your half of the money."

The week before the operation Hall's nerves became increasingly frayed. Still, the plan seemed sound. While Blazzon was nasty about supplying organs for the black market, the company was just as intent on keeping the living alive. It cost more per man to ship new recruits out past the asteroids than it did to simply give an employee a new heart or lung and put him back to work until his hitch was completed. And since the person Lauri found did, in fact, have a bad heart, how could anyone possibly catch on?

Hall might have been able to put all his fears to rest had it not been for Julian Jaeckel. Although Lauri had assured him the security chief suspected nothing, Hall was filled with misgivings. Jaeckel was tall, dark and good-looking in a menacing sort of way. Somehow he carried with him an aura of perverse sexuality. His name, Hall thought, fit the image of a born predator.

With increasing frequency Jaeckel seemed to be shadowing him almost everywhere—even the canteen and the rec room. For no good reason, he once had showed up at the Body Bank, citing his purpose as "a routine inspection for the Office of Industrial Investigation." He said it in that wheezing manner of his, almost like an animal hissing.

Because of Jaeckel, it took all of Lauri's persuasiveness to keep Hall from backing out. "How could he know what we're doing?" she'd reasoned, like a mother talking to a child. "Who would

have said anything?"

The only possible source of betrayal was the transplant recipient, and what would he gain from that? If he talked, they'd take his new heart back without even returning the old one. After all, the heart was company property.

Everything Lauri said made sense. Still, the only way Hall could get through the week was to pump himself

up with Moon Dust.

When the operation finally did take place, it went off without a hitch, despite his being stoned. Letting himself unwind in the deep shadows of the Body Bank, Hall stayed beyond his regular shift. He was cleaning his surgical instruments when he whirled around and unexpectedly found Jaeckel standing before him.

"Hope I didn't startle you," the security chief said, hovering like a dark,

malevolent animal of prey.

"Can I help you?" Hall responded, trying to disguise his apprehension. But the quaver in his voice gave him away.

"Is something wrong?" Jaeckel smirked, as if he knew the whole story.

Hall's fears grew stronger with each passing second. Could he have been found out?

"If something's bothering you," Jaeckel continued, "maybe you'd like to talk to me about it. After all, they say confession is good for the soul."

"What's that supposed to mean?!"
Hall snapped, more out of fear than

anger.

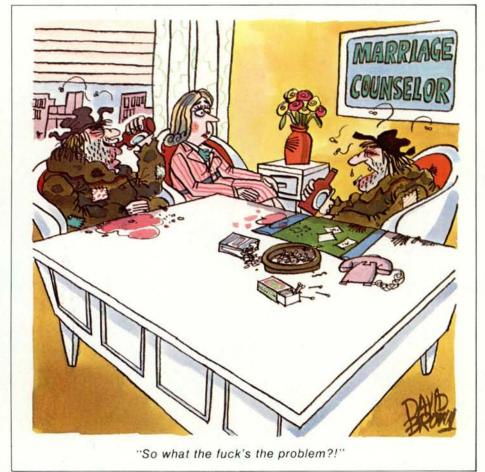
"You know exactly what it means."
Jaeckel's tone was even more menacing
as he dropped the thinly disguised
charade of concern. "You know what
company policy is regarding illegal
organ transplants."

Hall sank silently to a stool by the lab bench. He hoped desperately that Jaeckel was bluffing or fishing or wait-

ing for him to trap himself.

Suddenly, the security chief laughed. "You're a real chump, Hall. You still haven't figured it out, have you?"

Hall cocked an eyebrow quizzically, "Lauri," Jaeckel sneered. "She was using you to get half of the 25,000 cred-





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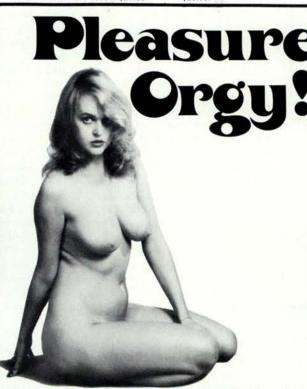


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its you collected, and then another 10,000 as a reward for turning you in. After all, she was in the clear.'

The medical officer slumped his shoulders in defeat. Nobody else but Hall and Lauri was supposed to know that the fee was 25,000 credits.

"You were in on it with her?"

"From the beginning. She just played you for a fool.'

"I never would have-" Hall tried to choke back the tears.

"Hey, wise up, will you? She's not worth a shit."

All Hall could do was nod agreement. "You should have known better, Med. Don't you realize a woman like that only wants a man she can't have? Lauri loves me, you asshole. I'm the only one who has real power on Io-at least the kind of obvious power a woman like that understands."

Hall finally found his voice. "Why are you telling me this?!" he screamed.

"Because-unfortunately for Laurithere were two things she didn't understand," Jaeckel hissed. "For one, I myself need new lungs, and you're in a unique position to help me.'

For the first time since Jaeckel had entered the Body Bank, Hall allowed himself a surge of hope. A deal, he thought. The man wants to make a deal!

"It's funny, isn't it?" Jaeckel observed, pulling up a stool and sitting next to the medical officer. "Lauri was bleeding you dry of every credit she could get so she could turn them over to me. She never realized that while she was using you, I was using her."

"But not for money?" Hall asked, his heart beating frantically.

"No, not for money," Jaeckel admitted. "For new lungs."

"Then you'll make a deal?"

"Your life for new lungs."

That explains Jaeckel's constant hissing sound, he thought.

Hall breathed a deep sigh of relief. Now at least he was sure that Jaeckel wasn't going to turn him in. But with his immediate fear laid to rest, Hall's outrage and humiliation surged to the fore.

"She betrayed me," he muttered, focusing his thoughts. "It was all a lie."

The chief stuck his face an inch from Hall's. "Didn't you really know that? Can you really be that dumb, or are you just self-destructive by nature?"

Jaeckel was right. It was clear now. Hall had spent his whole relationship with the girl denying the evidence that she was scheming and manipulative and would do anything for personal gain. But something still didn't make sense. "One other thing-"

"You wonder why I didn't tell her I was sick?"

Hall waited for Jaeckel to continue. "Money means a lot to someone like

Lauri. Who knows how she'd react? It didn't make sense to give that woman power over me. Don't you agree?"

Hall nodded numbly.

"Also, I told you there was another mistake Lauri made." Jaeckel paused, searching for the right words. "I'm not particularly into women. Oh, they're okay, you understand. And Lauri certainly has something worth sampling, even for me. But a woman is, after all ... only a woman. You, on the other hand, are something special, Mr. Hall. I've been checking you out for some time." He let his eyes run up and down Hall's body to underscore his meaning.

"So we're agreed?" Jaeckel asked, winking an eye.

Hall cringed, realizing he was trapped in a position from which there was no escape. "You'll have your transplant," he muttered. "Now let's sit down and talk about Lauri."

The next day, Hall and Lauri were suited up, preparing to board a rocket sled to Blazzon II, on the far side of Io.

"Testing," Hall said, speaking into the space helmet's microphone. "Can you hear me?"

Looking back at him through her open faceplate, Lauri nodded. "Yes," she said finally, her voice sounding small and unsure.

Hall didn't know how Jaeckel had arranged it or what excuse he had given Lauri for not having arrested him. But the medical officer was more than a little relieved to see that she'd apparently bought it.

For his part, Hall had told Lauri they were visiting Blazzon II to catch up on paperwork and perform minor surgery-a skin transplant on a hapless burn victim. This was not, after all, the first time he'd called on her to accompany him on one of these journeys.

"Ready?" Hall queried, lowering his faceplate to let the air pressure build up in his suit. Doing likewise, Lauri smiled back at him. The first air canister was still one-quarter full. As they walked into the airlock leading out of the factory, Hall reminded himself it was the second canister that had been filled with hydrogen cyanide.

Pressure dropped, air escaped, and soon the airlock's second hatch swung open to reveal the barren, lifeless surface of the tiny Jovian satellite. The two of them stepped out together, bounding awkwardly in the low gravity of Io toward the waiting sled a few meters away. It was a sleek little vehicle-literally nothing more than a rocket with two seats on top-that looked more like

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20th-century amusement-park ride.

As Hall sank into the seat beside Lauri, a wave of uncertainty swept over him. How could he be sure his own suit hadn't been rigged by Jaeckel the same way the chief said he'd rigged Lauri's? But then he reassured himself. Jaeckel had as much as said he was in love with him. That's why he'd been following Hall closely for so many weeks. Clearly, the prospect of consummating that love was Hall's best protection.

Besides, as Jaeckel himself had so succinctly put it, a person always wants what he can't have. Hall marveled at the irony that had transformed him so completely. Now it was he who was using the promise of sex to control another person. Lauri had taught him well.

Hall looked up at Jupiter's immense expanse filling Io's airless sky. Grabbing the controls, he turned to Lauri sitting next to him. "Ready?" he asked, priming the ignition switch.

"Roger," she affirmed.

With a sudden lurch the rocket roared to life and leaped from the launch pad. As he watched the ground slide away beneath the speeding sled, a strange calm settled over Hall.

About 20 minutes passed before he heard Lauri's faint voice calling to him. He didn't answer her.

"Hall," she repeated. "Something's wrong."

Her voice was gasping. She sounded short of breath as he cut the rocket drive, letting the sled settle gently to the gray, colorless ground. When the vehicle had come to a complete stop, Lauri was struggling with her backup oxygen bottle, trying to attach it to her suit.

"Here, let me." Hall reached over Lauri's flailing form and made the hookup. "Not that this will help all that much. It's pure hydrogen cyanide. In a couple of minutes, I'm afraid, all your brain cells will be destroyed."

"Why?" asked the girl, looking helplessly at him through her faceplate. Her voice was weak, and Hall could see that her eyes were barely tracking.

"Jaeckel," Hall replied. "He insisted. Oh, I argued at first. But unfortunately, you didn't leave me in a position where I had much choice."

"Hall, please!" Lauri tugged at her safety belt, trying to release it. Fear was impacted in every word and syllable. "Save me. I'll be only yours, please—"

"I'd really like to, but I can't," Hall answered, calmly watching the girl heave desperately against the buckled seat belt. "In a minute or two I'll radio the base that there's been a terrible accident out here. Then I'll turn back and bring in your body."

Lauri's gloved hand reached up, fee-

bly grasping at him before it slid limply away.

"Can you still hear me?" Hall asked. He thought he saw a flicker of recognition. "You deserve to know the rest of it. You see, Jaeckel figured you really couldn't be trusted. After all, if you were willing to squeal on me for 10,000 Blazzon credits, why wouldn't you squeal on both of us for 20,000? And Jaeckel has no intention of giving back his new lungs, especially since his old ones no longer exist."

"Hall-"

"Of course, if I didn't go along with this, Jaeckel was going to turn me in, as the two of you originally planned."

Aware that Lauri's time was rapidly running out, Hall rushed to finish. "There is one point you'll appreciate. You know how you were always saying I should take advantage of the black market? How I should exploit my position?" Hall fell silent as Lauri's figure heaved for the final time. Too bad, he thought. She would have appreciated the irony of what I was about to tell her.

Not long after, Hall sat quietly monitoring the computers and machines that kept the Body Bank operating with flawless efficiency. Funny how things worked out, he thought. No one had questioned the "accident," and if there had been any suspicion, Jaeckel would have dealt with it. A grim smile played across his face. This way, not only did he still have his skin—in a sense, he had Lauri's as well. Once, she had controlled him. Now the tables were reversed.

Rising stiffly from his bench, Hall stretched before walking slowly over to the rows of naked bodies hooked up to their life-support systems. He could not help but admire his latest addition.

"The hydrogen cyanide was my idea," he told Lauri's suspended corpse, as beautiful in death as it had been in life. "I didn't want your suit to depressurize. It would have harmed your body."

She looked so lifelike that for a moment Hall almost expected her to answer. "As it is, you'll be glad to know I've finally figured a safe way to make some extra money around here. Why, you're almost as popular in death as you were in life. More, in a way. Because now the guys you wouldn't even look at before can have you as often as they want. For a fee, naturally. Payable to me."

A door slid open behind Hall as he spoke. Lowering his voice, he playfully twirled the voluptuous body dangling from the hook. "Excuse me," the medical officer said. "A customer just arrived. I think he wants to make a deposit."

You've probably already felt a touch of spring fever; so why not get into Beaver fever? Just snap a color shot of a blooming Beaver and watch how things develop. You might win 50 bucks . . . and there's always the chance your Beaver will be selected for an extended photo-feature at professionalmodels' rates. All photographs submitted be-

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man while being screwed by another.



body and face."



Daisy the Cow is a top model residing in Bombay, India. She keeps that pencil-thin physique with a diet of grass. Daisy udders sucked by the Schlitz Malt Liquor Bull.



Oakland, California's Karen Marshall is a 23-year-old housewife whose hobbies include horseback riding, skiing, sex and water sports. She'd love to make it with the Oakland A's in their clubhouse.

Photo by Ron



Making love in the backseat at an XXX-rated drive-in theater while the stars onscreen do the same would satisfy Susie, 22, of West Boylston, Massachusetts. A waitress, she loves needlecraft, camping, fishing and sex. Photo by K.M.

Fishing, hiking and swimming:
These are the hobbies of nature
lover and student nurse Dana.
This 31-year-old Carolina lady
dreams about making love in the
woods while hunters watch.



Photo by Husband

Drifty Daze from Detroit Lakes, Minnesota, is a 28-year-old exotic dancer whose pastimes include music, dance and travel. When asked about her favorite sexual fantasy, she replied, "I am one."



Having sex with Rod Stewart

Having sex with Rod Stewart

while her husband looks on of

while her husband looks on of

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Cheryl, 19, of Largo, Florids

Cheryl, 19, of Largo, who enjoys

She's a secretary who oral sex.

She's a secretary and oral sex.

photography and oral sex.

Photo by Russ



one for the Ladies



Daniel Skipper, a 21-year-old who works for the telephone company, lives in Arlington, Virginia. He lifts weights, dances, and daydreams about getting it on with three hot ladies at once.



Sugar wants to take to the freeways at noontime in hometown Canton, Ohio, and make wild love on a motorcycle. This 19-year-old model's hobbies are

sex, tennis and dancing.

Photo by Roy DeWill



Exotic dancer Mona Nelson, 24, hails from Colorado Springs, Colorado. She likes ballet and sex, and would love to be a centerfold model.



way to cum! ☐ FRINGE BENEFITS. Candy and Uschi do secretarial work for Johnny Keyes. The pay is good, but the benefits are better. See his giant black rod plug every hole "mother nature" has invented. DICKTATION was never like this!

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and the Tit Queens. Featuring Keli, 42DD, Uschi, 42DD, and

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PROFILE: TED TURNER

(continued from page 60)

bought the Braves?" he asks. "Because the stadium is one great big playpen where I can have 53,000 of my friends over for a little fun."

Turner quickly became the Braves' number-one fan, applying unorthodox promotion strategies to boost attendance. Before the start of one Atlanta-Philadelphia game, he challenged Phillies relief pitcher Tug McGraw to see who could push a baseball faster with his nose. Turner bloodied his nose but won, and the crowd was delighted.

At virtually every home game he could be seen in his front-row seat, drinking beer and-as usual-flirting with pretty girls. When a Braves player scored a pivotal run, the team owner would leap onto the field and congratulate him at home plate. And on an evening when the Braves were suffering an embarrassing loss, he grabbed the public-address microphone and told everyone in the house they were welcome back the next night for free. He even offered each player a \$500-a-game bonus if they won more than they lost. But it never cost him a penny. The 1977 Braves finished dead last in the National League West.

Earlier that season, after the Braves had lost 16 games in a row, Turner decided he could do a better job managing the team himself. For one game he donned a uniform and ran the club from the dugout as the Braves lost a close one, 2-1. A strongly worded cable from Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn abruptly ended his managerial career. "Given Mr. Turner's lack of familiarity with game operations," it read, "I do not think it is in the best interest of baseball for Mr. Turner to serve in that capacity."

The following year, Kuhn slapped Turner with a \$10,000 fine and suspended him from baseball for 12 months. Turner's crime was violating league rules by prematurely offering a \$1.75-million contract to outfielder Gary Matthews, then on the roster of the San Francisco Giants. At an appeals hearing, Turner threatened to give Kuhn's lawyer a "knuckle sandwich." He grumpily served his suspension and eventually signed Matthews, who failed to live up to past performances.

In the five years that Turner has owned the Braves, his team has never finished better than fourth in its sixteam division. Yet publicly he seems untroubled. "If they don't win, it's a shame, not the end of the world," Turner rationalizes. "Lots of things I've done I've lost at. I lost in the 1974

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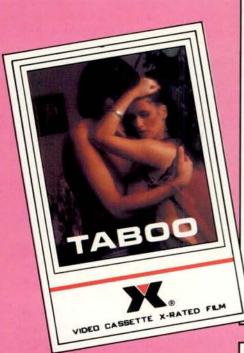
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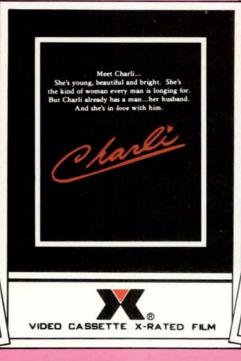
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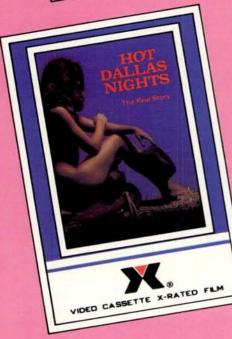
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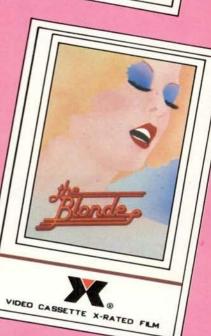












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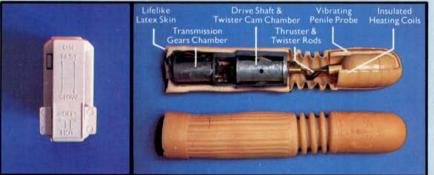
and out, just like the real thing. It probes all her secret places and, what's more, the head doesn't just stay in a fixed position. While the thrusters are hard at work, the twister rods, controlled by specially designed cams, are rotating round-andround, finding new erogenous zones she never knew she had. And all the time it's vibrating - from a gentle buzz

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America's Cup trials; we had a slow boat. I learned something from thatthe most valuable player in the league doesn't get a hit every time he's at bat.

"The important thing is never to get discouraged. Don't ever let yourself get down. Look at every setback and defeat that occurs in your life as just another hurdle that you have to climb on your way to your eventual goal. It doesn't really matter whether you achieve the objectives. The fun is trying to get there. For mountain climbers, all the fun is in getting to the top. When they get to the top, they just have to turn around and come back down."

On a humid day last September in New York City, Ted Turner was holding court in the New York Hilton Hotel's Grand Ballroom as he pursued his most pressing objective-financial success for the Cable News Network. He had spent \$25,000 to wine and dine advertising-agency executives he hoped would put messages on CNN.

Eventually he mounted the stage and launched into still another tirade against his favorite whipping boys-the TV networks. "They are run by a bunch of pinkos," he said. "They are the worst pollutant this country has ever seen. They have brought us to the edge of a new Dark Age and led us down the path to destruction. [They] glamorize violence and make heroes of criminals. [The networks and myself] have about as much chance of being pals as the Arabs and the Israelis."

Turner obviously enjoys historical analogies. "The whole network cartel is folding, like Nazi Germany as it crumbled," he declared. "The broadcasters had it all to themselves for the last 30 years, and what did they do? How many monuments have been built to ABC, CBS and NBC and the people who brought us The Gong Show, The \$1.98 Beauty Contest, The Incredible Hulk and Three's Company?"

Reluctantly, he admitted that the networks do occasionally offer praiseworthy programming. "It's impossible to be bad all the time," he said. "Even

Hitler was nice to his dog."

During the speech, Turner clutched a strand of worry beads given to him by a Greek tycoon in Athens. He had good reason for concern. Although WTBS-TV earns profits of about \$10 million a year, the Braves and the Hawks never have been moneymakers. And now CNN was losing \$2 million a month.

Many analysts believe Turner will somehow reach the break-even point and pull through. Concrete evidence that he's on the right track came last

(continued on page 130)



Some people think we nurses who handle cock all day must get sick of dick-you know, familiarity breeds contempt, and all that. Well, I'm a so-called "sponge nurse"-a licensed practical nurse whose duties include bathing patients in bed-and I'm happy to report to those folks: bull-shit.

In fact, my second-favorite time of the shift is morning bath, when I get to swab off the guys' equipment. My favorite time of the shift is right after I check in at midnight. That's when I return to visit selected male patients, peel back the bedcovers, open their pajamas and masturbate to the sight of their naked cocks.

Most often I just hike up my skirt and quickly finger myself through my panties. But if the guy's in a private room, I'll take my time and work out with whatever's handy: an enema nozzle, say, or a stethoscope dipped in some KY Jelly.

Whatever the method, I always make sure to visit only dudes under nighttime sedation. A very important condition of my kink is that the man not wake up while I'm beating myself off.

Although I've indulged this nocturnal passion of mine on literally hundreds of occasions, I'd never had the courage to go any farther until a few weeks ago. That's when I laid my eyes-and a whole lot more-on a par-

ticularly hunky patient named Norm. He was a 34-year-old electrical contractor on my ward for tests following renewed back pains from an old football injury. I knew all that from the medical charts clipped to his bed. But I wasn't prepared for the actual sight of the handsome, virile patient in that room.

I breezed in on Norm at 7 a.m. sharp, armed with basin, cloths and sponge, smiling my most efficient smile to disguise the curiosity I always feel on seeing new male patients. But my cheery "Goo-o-od morning!" froze in the back of my throat when I took in the thick red curls at Norm's forehead and temples, and his square, firm jawline, broad

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by Roxanne Dempsey

shoulders and densely matted chest. "Hell-o there," he said, eyeing me appreciatively as I stood gawking. Modesty kept me from mentioning it before, but I'm a very dynamite-looking woman. At 29, I've still got the pert, round ass and lean legs of a 19-year-old. I've kept my jet-black hair long, although it's usually coiled under my nurse's cap when I'm on the job. My tits are getting slightly heavier, true, but that's from constant stimulation during sex. (I have a sex life during my off-duty hours too, but it's often less exciting.)

"Time for a bit of a morning bath," I finally managed, trying to keep my eyes

where I knew his cock was.

"Great," he answered, green eyes twinkling and still looking at me as he pulled his covers down. "I like to keep clean."

In a second he'd slipped his pajamas past his hips, unleashing the most beautiful prick and balls I've ever had the pleasure of handling. His cock lay curled against the fur of his inner right thigh, five inches long (even flaccid) and connected to a pink-tinted sac so big, each nut looked like a hairy tennis ball.

I've sponged off a lot of men in my career. While of course I dig it, the men are almost always embarrassed-especially if they get hard while I'm handling them. Either that or they totally freak out, figure I'm a street slut and offer me five or ten bucks to blow them.

So Norm's conduct was a very pleasant surprise. He simply lay back more comfortably in bed, letting his cock fill with hot, pounding blood. I rolled it and stretched it, even dipping a corner of cool cloth into his piss slit.

"Ummm, that's fine," was all he said, rotating his hips slightly. I was so excited, I actually finished sooner than usual. Home in bed later that day, I found it difficult to sleep, anticipating my return to a sedated Norm at midnight. It was a horny, frustrating ordeal.

That night I went straight

to his room. I knew from his chart that he'd been given a heavy dose of painkillers. This time, though, I was determined to do more than just jerk off.

I eased his door shut behind me, hearing Norm's smooth, rhythmic breathing. The room's night light was enough to reveal his sleeping face, and I could see he already had the covers kicked back for me. One ball had flopped through the wide slit of his pajamas; it lay there exciting me, and I felt like a little girl discovering an Easter egg.

With deft hands I raised him at the small of the back and slid his pajama bottoms down to his knees. A faintly off the magic spot under the blanket fishy odor rose from his exposed meat,

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thrilling me. (Guys think only chicks' pussies give off that animal smell, but they should double up and whiff themselves sometimes!)

Even though it took some effort, I kept my greedy lips and tongue from homing in on the sweet spot. Instead, I took lingering licks at the scratchy fur of his thighs. I delved into the cleft of his butt cheeks and tasted the salty fish there too, then moved to cup one nut with my tongue. I backed it into my mouth as far as I could, then sucked, savoring the taste.

Swiftly, I hiked my skirt up and worked my pantyhose down to my knees. Since my pussy was already soaked, two fingers slipped easily into the opening. Flicking Norm's ball with my tongue, I caressed my clit, feeling the pressure slowly build. Just as I was about to come, I jammed my left index finger into my asshole, then began to shake uncontrollably.

Engorged with blood, Norm's eightinch club was so impressive, I seized it at the base of the shaft, marveling at how far my thumb was from touching my fingers as they encircled it. I proceeded to pump him in long, slow strokes, the fingers of my left hand still working my sopping clit.

I crouched there beside him, beating

us both off for some time, until hot drops of my pussy juice beaded up on my wrist and splattered to the floor. Feeling suddenly weak in the knees, I dropped to a kneeling position and eased his prick into my mouth.

Starting with just the tip, I soaked him in the spit I'd pooled up on my tongue, meanwhile continuing to jack off his shaft—and my clit. I shuddered, my tastebuds absorbing his sweat and raw-meat taste. I soon stopped diddling my clit, using my hand to find his balls and cup them while I sucked.

I showed remarkable professional restraint as I slurped, intending to extend this exotic pleasure cruise as long as possible. But you know how a guy gets when he hasn't come in a while—just then Norm oozed some clear, sticky drops of jism that announced his imminent eruption. As soon as I tasted that, I lost every vestige of my cool professionalism. I rammed his cock far back into my throat to the gagging point, pumping furiously with my hand on the portion of his shaft that remained outside my mouth.

He shot off with a wild flexing of his ass, ramming hot meat and semen down my throat as his cock spasmed at least a dozen times. Afterward, I knelt there quite a long time, rubbing my sopping pussy as I swallowed the last drop of cum.

Then something funny happened: Norm's cock got hard again, expanding in my hand. I guess I was still too hot to be very frightened when a man's voice softly inquired: "Can I return the favor now? That was great!"

It turned out Norm had fooled the afternoon nurse and ditched his sedatives—they interfered with his wet dreams, I think he said. In seconds I was up on the bed, and he had my pantyhose dangling from one wildly flailing ankle, his tongue darting my clit in a rapid, teasing motion.

He slipped his hands under my ass and raised me up as he ate, pulling my pussy lips tighter against his mouth. Exploding over and over, I stuffed one corner of a sheet into my mouth to stifle my screams. You can bet the next load that shot from his cock hit the wall of my cervix—not my esophagus.

Since Norm was released from the hospital the next day, I've never lifted a sponge—or anything else—to his tool since. I still have my select gallery of "intensive care" patients, and I still enjoy whacking off to their bods just as much as ever. But every time I recall Norm's magnificent hunk of meat, I can't help hoping I'm not "washed up" with him forever.

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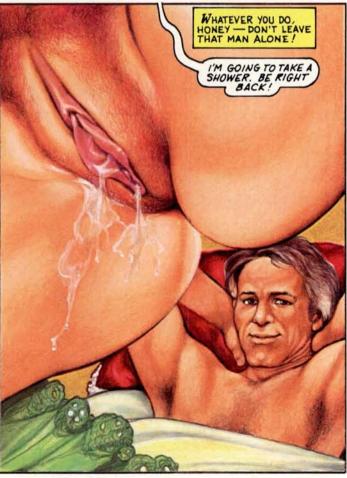
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— T. S.

Green Bay, Wisconsin

You're not alone in your complaint. We've made a copy of your letter along with others we've received and sent them to the advertisers. If we find that these outfits send nothing to anybody, then we'll kick them out of the magazine. Our stand is to not tolerate out-and-out fraud.

Most likely you will get something. But frankly, the "buy my photo" scam is usually a cheap trick to lure suckers. Most of these pictures are poor-quality soft-core prints that aren't worth the paper they're printed on. You'll also probably get a come-on letter for more bucks.

Our policy is to keep the mailorder buyer informed rather than to censor advertisers (unless they're fraudulent). The best information we can give you is this: If you want to see naked women, buy a sex magazine. The pictures are better, the models are prettier, and you can jerk off without feeling like a jerkoff.

We'll let you know the results of our inquiry into these nude-photo ads. Meanwhile, try to avoid the cheapo stuff. And if it turns out you get *nothing* from these advertisers, don't forget your legal recourses listed in italics at the top of this column.

> INTERWORLD JUNK

I want you to know that one of your advertisers, Interworld Connection, is ripping off your readers. In one of its ads it claims the magazines it sells (very cheap) are full of "cum-spurting, sucking and fucking." What you get is junk that wouldn't turn anybody on. To add insult to injury, I ordered and paid for six magazines, and the firm only sent me three. What's with these ripoff artists? — C. D. Forest Grove, Oregon

Potest Grove, Oregon

Interworld has been exposed before as a cheap, low-quality outfit (see Mail-Order Feedback, December 1980).

Unfortunately, there's little that can be done to help you now, because technically it did send you what you paid for. If you look carefully at the publications, you'll see that each *Pocket Partner* is actually two magazines. So the three you received are the six you ordered.

As for the quality, it's an old trick to make the ad copy sound a lot more enticing than the actual product. The low price should have tipped you off. Since you didn't pay much, chalk this up to an inexpensive lesson in how to order by mail: Look for quality, and avoid bargain-basement prices.

We will continue to expose *Interworld* and any company that delivers cheap crap while promising much more. If the word is spread, they'll lose customers and either clean up their act or go out of business.

INTERRACIAL EROTICA

I really get off watching a black man fucking a white woman. The problem is that there don't seem to be many interracial-sex films around. Can you help me find some? -R. B.

Savannah, Georgia

Fantasy Images (5032 Lankershim Blvd., Suite 5, North Hollywood, CA 91601) features several mixed matings among its Swedish Erotica films. In the 1100 series, which at 84 meters is double the usual length of loops, there are three titles to choose from. In Black Hammer (1109) a well-hung black doubles his pleasure by screwing a blonde and a brunette. In Black Shaft (1117) the infamous dark stud Johnny Keyes pumps it to two uninhibited bi blondes. And in Hot Black Soul (1115) a lusty white woman takes on two well-endowed blacks.

These films cost \$35 each or three for \$99. You might want to first write to Fantasy Images for a free brochure on other Swedish Erotica films that might interest you.

Two other dealers offer a lot of what you're looking for. American Fulfillment's catalog of more than 300 movies includes a number of interracial-sex films. The address for its catalog (it'll cost you \$5) is 109 Minna St., Suite 209H, San Francisco, CA 94105.

Also, P. G. Distributors (P.O. Box 396, North Olmstead, OH 44070) offers interracial-sex films. Its catalog is \$3, which you get back if you buy \$20 or more worth of films.

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FIREWORKSI Giant color catalog, \$2.00. Refundable. Fireworks Unlimited, Deerfield, Oh. 44411

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LITTLE Sex Comix, \$5.00 dozen. Box 7081, Berkeley, Ca. 94707

ADULT books, magazines, films. Free brochures. Clifton's, 1068(H7), Saugus, Ca. 91351

BEAUTIFUL Oriental girls want friendship/marriage. Free catalogue, Victoria(HU), Box 281, Station "N", Toronto, Canada M8V 3T2

IMPOTENCE. Only proven cure, \$15.00 to: Dr. James Stanton, Box 5005, Lubbock, Tx. 79417

BEAUTIFUL Girls, all continents, want correspondence, friendship, marriage. Details free! Hermes-Verlag, Box 110660/H, Berlin 11, West Germany

NEW FRIENDS today! Cross-country contacts! Diane Girard, (312) 761-7132.

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FANTASY Models/Tapes. Details, \$1.00 & SASE To: Friendly Photo, P. O. Box 502, K.C., Mo. 64141

MEET sexy girls. Warnberg, 210 5th Ave., Suite 1102, New York, N.Y. 10010

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MEET sexy girls in your area! Tracy (312) 262-9800, Box 405(HR), Wilmette, II, 60091

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SE-386

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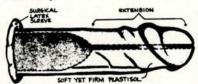
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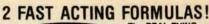
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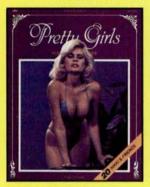
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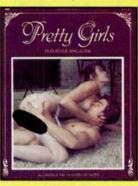
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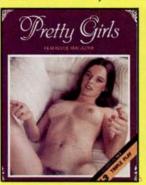
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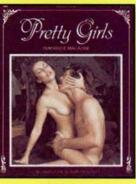
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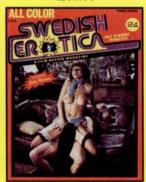
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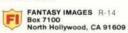
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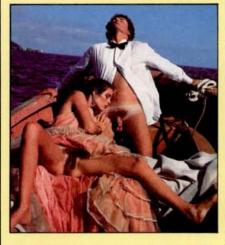
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PROFILE: TED TURNER

(continued from page 110)

August, when the Westinghouse Broadcasting System announced plans to start another 24-hour-a-day news network to compete with CNN. The venture, however, will offer only skeleton headlines of events. CNN continues to run indepth coverage that has been praised by many critics.

For example, when the League of Women Voters excluded independent candidate John Anderson from the 1980 Presidential debate, CNN outclassed the networks by allowing Anderson to respond to questions posed to Jimmy Carter and Ronald Reagan and splicing them into a tape-delayed telecast.

Turner's obsessive will to win is currently spotlighted in a Cutty Sark scotch advertisement showing the intrepid tycoon wearing his yachtsman's cap. The ad copy reads, "Here's to gut feelings and those who still follow them."

Obviously, Turner enjoys being the underdog. Give him a good fight, and he invariably rises to the occasion. During a TV taping, talk-show host Dick Cavett once told him, "You are a colorful, boisterous, sometimes-inebriated playboy type. Maybe it's an act, or maybe it's created by the press, but that is your image. You wouldn't deny that, would you?"

Turner agreed but promptly shot back, "I have heard that you are a little twinkletoed TV announcer. You wouldn't deny that, would you?" To nobody's surprise, the interview was never broadcast.

Last year, when the White House banned CNN camera crews from government briefings and press conferences, the indomitable Turner immediately retaliated with a lawsuit. A judge eventually ruled in his favor, signaling a moral and legal victory in Turner's quest for parity with the three entrenched networks.

Despite Turner's rowdy-bulldog reputation, his family life is surprisingly conservative. He often agrees with the views of the Moral Majority. His idea of a nice happy American family is the one in TV's Father Knows Best. And like actor Robert Young, who starred in that show, Turner tries hard to instill a work ethic in his kids, much as his father did for him

He sets an example by joining them in Boy Scout activities and horseback riding. His older daughter, a college student, has worked at waitressing and sporting-goods sales. "There's nothing wrong with old-fashioned hard physical labor," says Turner, who spends upwards of ten hours a day trying

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to keep his broadcasting empire afloat.

Those close friends and colleagues who marvel at his take-charge abilities are already predicting he will someday venture into politics. Turner downgrades such aspirations. "At this point in time," he says, playfully using a phrase identified with Richard Nixon, "I can do more to solve the problems I'm worried about by running my company properly. I can do more here than in the White House."

Yet the rumors persist. "I'm quite certain he'll run for office," predicted Turner Vice-President Robert Wussler during a memorable dinner.

"What office?" Wussler was asked.

"President," he said.

Turner, who had already drunk a substantial amount, proceeded to ramble on about prospective Cabinet members and the programs he would initiate. Then, suddenly, his head pitched forward and came to rest directly in his dinner plate. A companion lifted Turner by the hair and solemnly announced, "Ladies and gentlemen, the next President of the United States."

Ardent supporters, nevertheless, maintain that Turner's seductive political philosophy would most likely appeal to a vast number of voters.

"I live in the freest and most wonderful country in the world," he declares. "But the time has come when our whole country is going bankrupt....Fidel Castro once said at the United Nations that if the United States didn't share its food, the underdeveloped countries were going to come over here and take it away from us. We have to make it absolutely mandatory that every able-bodied young man spend one year in the service-just in case."

Should the worst imaginable scenario occur-a nuclear holocaust that destroys civilization-Turner is already prepared. At his direction, CNN has put together a hush-hush end-of-the-world videotape that would serve as its final broadcast. Reportedly, the "Apocalypse Show" features various high-school marching bands parading in front of CNN headquarters, playing "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America the Beautiful" and "Nearer My God to Thee" the same tune sung from the decks of the Titanic just before the liner sank).

There's no indication whether or not Turner appears in this tape. But it would be hard to imagine such an occasion without the Mouth of the South surrounded by a group of sexy highschool cheerleaders, swigging sour-mash bourbon and delivering a fiery eulogy. Only this time, no controversy would likely follow. Ted Turner will have had the last word: "Amen."

WORLD HUNGER

(continued from page 54)

to the needs of their own people should consider Ethiopia's Haile Selassie, Cambodia's Pol Pot, Nicaragua's Anastasio Somoza, Uganda's Idi Amin and the Central African Republic's Jean Bedel Bokassa-all of whom have been deposed. A dictator whose subjects are starving often becomes an unemployed or very dead dictator.

4. Encourage food self-reliance. Brazil's economy depends in large part on coffee, Sri Lanka's on tea and Kenva's on cotton. What do these crops have in common? They're grown for exportand cannot be eaten. The foreignexchange money they produce goes to large landowners (and foreign corporations) in these countries. Ordinary farmworkers receive low wages and have a hard time buying food. Obviously, it would be a better idea if Brazil, Sri Lanka and Kenya devoted more of their fertile farmland to producing food for their own people.

"Not many can become self-sufficient, that is, produce all their food themselves," says the USDA's Daniel Shaughnessy. "But many can be self-reliant, balancing food crops with cash crops so they can grow or purchase their food

themselves.'

5. Control the world's population now. Undeniably, whether or not you agree with such ideas as triage and the "lifeboat ethic," too many people are being born. Dr. Steven Mumford, an authority on population studies, warns, "There is a frightening lack of respect for the world-population problem.'

This problem (like hunger) is most severe in poor countries. The people of North America and Europe practice birth control more regularly than anyone else in the world. Those in Africa, Asia (except for China) and Latin America-the very people who need it mostpractice it the least.

A major stumbling block is the Roman Catholic Church, which, of course, is dead set against birth control. In the vast majority of Third World nations the Church wields a powerful influence over the poor-who have little else to cling to but a faith in God.

Failure to properly educate the poor is another factor in the population explosion. And unfortunately, it's become fashionable in some poor countries to denounce birth control as mass murder and to suggest that the solution to the world's hunger problem is for people in the rich countries to eat less.

There are several problems with this thinking. First, it's not going to happen. Second, it wouldn't work if it did hap-









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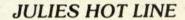
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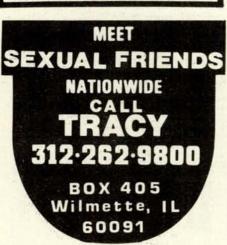
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pen. (Even if Americans stopped eating meat, the grain that wasn't used to feed the cattle we didn't eat would not go to the poor countries, which couldn't afford it anyway. Quite likely it would go to the USSR to feed Soviet cattle.) Third, people in the poor countries would continue starving.

What do we do about the population explosion? It would be handy to slip birth-control pills into the poor countries' water, but that would hardly be practical. Dr. Mumford suggests "the creation of an agency modeled on a military organization, with a wartime sense of urgency," dedicated to solving the population problem.

Another solution might be for the United States to tie development aid—except for emergency aid in time of famine—to birth control. We could require that poor countries receiving U.S. assistance set up population-control programs. Our leverage would be the threat to cut off further money if the programs weren't being run to our satisfaction.

Evidence does exist that it's possible for even the poorest nations to succeed at population control. China, for example, cut its birth rate by nearly one-half in just seven years. All that's needed is the will—and the rich nations may have to help with that.

Will world hunger ever be eliminated? "There is always the possibility of progress," answers the USDA's Daniel Shaughnessy. "Better agricultural methods and improved transportation and storage will help considerably. It won't be easy, but the problem can be solved."

Until that day arrives, the tenacious comeback story of a South African boy named Mbuyiseri provides a glimmer of hope for future generations. When he was 16 months old, he weighed only ten pounds—about the same as a newborn infant in this country. Mbuyiseri's ribs poked through his parchment-thin skin like the cross-sticks on a paper kite. His head seemed too large for his frail body to support. Hungry eyes bulged from his face. He looked more like a shriveled 70-year-old man who'd been rescued from a Nazi death camp.

Little Mbuyiseri was luckier than most. Near death, he was brought to a Johannesburg hospital. After three months of care the skin hung from his back like a cheap jacket. He still wasn't strong enough to stand, and hadn't learned to speak. But he had gained a pound, was able to sit up and even smiled sometimes. His doctors say that as long as he doesn't catch an infection, Mbuyiseri may survive.

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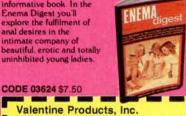
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INTERVIEW WITH A ROCK STAR—The "Motor City Madman," Ted Nugent, is a superstar whose female fans get so excited, they wet their pants during his concerts. An insatiable cocksman, Nugent says women belong "behind a desk or under me." Sex makes him so high, he doesn't give

a "flyin' fuck about drugs." Fred Schruers' interview brings to light what we secretly wished wasn't true... that rock stars are different from us!

CONSUMER'S GUIDE TO 1982 MOTORCYCLES—Is getting stuck in traffic a bummer? Are you fed up with your gas-guzzling car? Then consider a supersleek motorcycle. This year's bumper crop includes an \$1,850 bike that can turn a quarter-mile as fast as a Corvette, and a brazen \$5,000 machine like something out of Star Wars. Writer/rider David Barry tells you how to beat the rush-hour blues and find freedom on the open road.

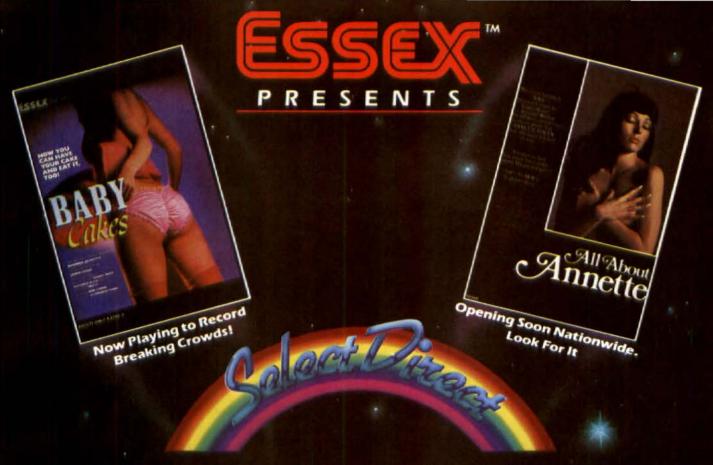
MAYDAY ON FLIGHT 101—A "crippled" skyjacker thought he'd left nothing to chance, but the plane wasn't big enough for him, the grizzled captain, a sex-starved stewardess and some ruthless guests. Somebody had to die. Read J. R. Regis' riveting tale of risk and romance in the air.

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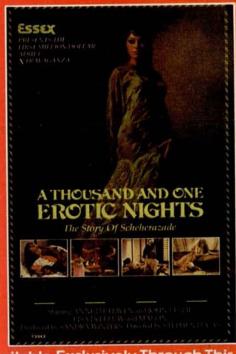
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